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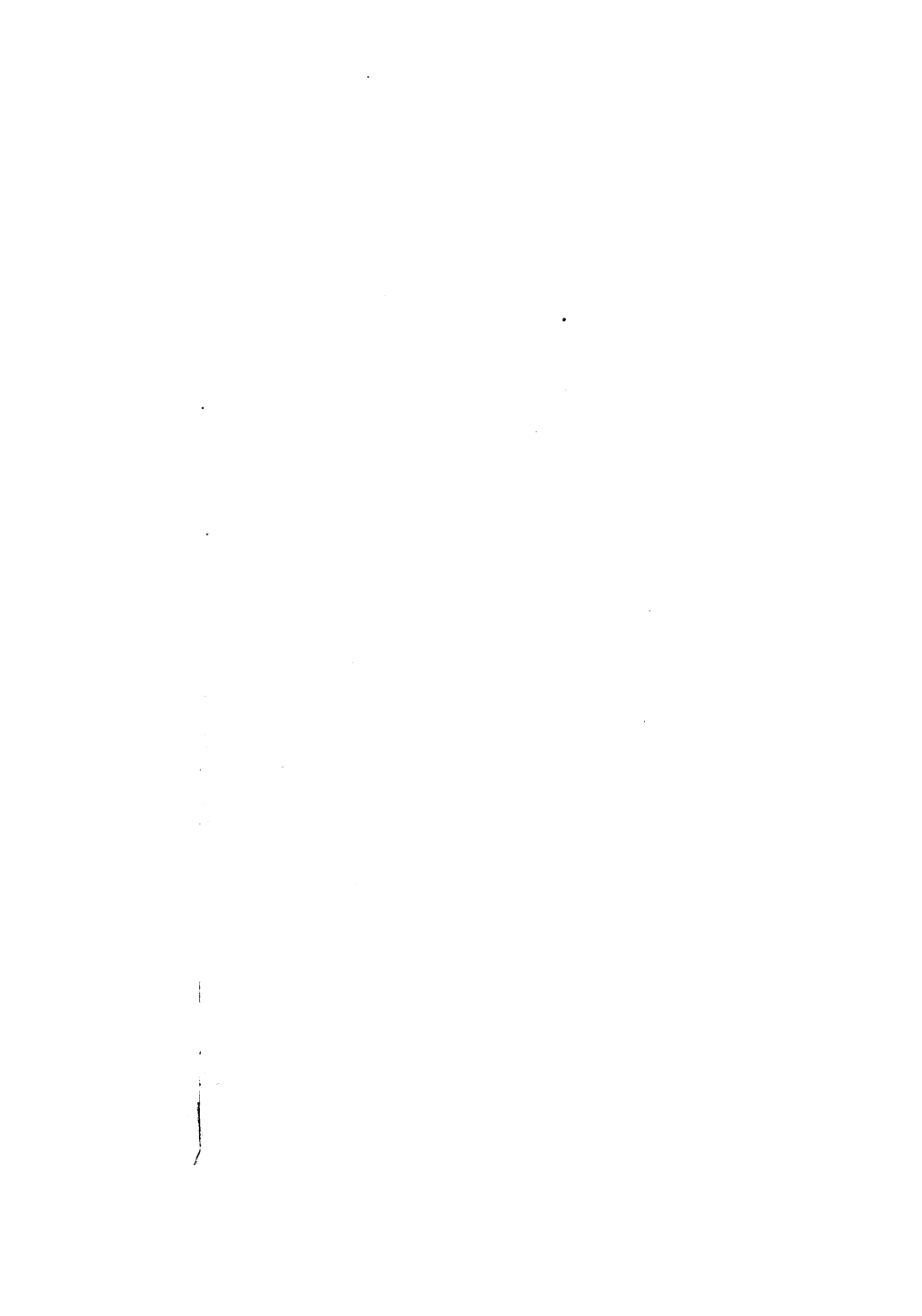
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THE

Providence Selection,

OF

HYMNS,

SUPPLEMENTARY TO DR. WATTS.

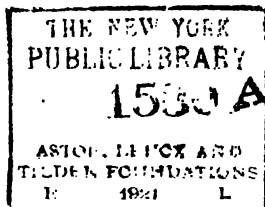
**EMBRACING VARIOUS SUBJECTS, AND INCLUDING A GREAT
VARIETY OF METRES.**

Particularly designed for Christian Worship.

PROVIDENCE :

**PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MILLER AND HUTCHENS,
No. 1, Market Square, (second story.)**

1820.



Rhode-Island District, sc.

BE it remembered, That on this fifth day of May, A. D. 1820, and in the forty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Miller and Hutchens, of said District deposited in this office the title of a book, whereof they claim a proprietorship, in the following words, viz:—"The Providence Selection of Hymns, supplementary to Dr. Watts. Embracing various Subjects, and including a great variety of Metres. Particularly designed for Christian Worship."

In conformity to an act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." An also to an act, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies, of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors, of such copies during the time therein mentioned, and extending the benefit thereof to the art of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

Witness,

BENJAMIN COWELL, } Clerk R. I.
District.

PREFACE.

WHILE it very generally is admitted that Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, possess a variety and excellency transcending any other single author, it at the same time is as generally felt, and acknowledged, that there are many deeply interesting subjects, and highly important occasions, to which he has not adapted any Hymns, whatsoever. This deficiency, it is true, is amply supplied by sundry approved authors in divine poesy, whose names it is not needful here to mention. But still a judicious *selection*, comprising a due portion of the best productions contained in the books of these approved authors, is highly requisite, because all these Hymn Books would be both too expensive and too burdensome. This selection, while recommended for extensive variety, for devotional correct sentiment, and, in many instances, for truly sublime poetic versification, yet is in no wise designed to supersede, but only as supplementary to Watts' Psalms and Hymns.

Hymn 2. C. M.

Zion's Increase, or the Conversion of Jews & Gentiles. Ps. ii. 8.

- 1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth,
Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 "Ask, and I give the heathen lands,
"For thine inheritance;
"And to the world's remotest shores,
"Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?
- 4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception given?
- 5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to thy Lord!
- 6 Asia and Africa resound,
From shore to shore his fame;
And thou, America, in songs,
Redeeming love proclaim!

Hymn 3. L. M.

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet you fall,
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, who have borne the heavy chain,
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And plead the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your crown is freely giv'n,
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 O happy souls, who know the sound !
God's light shall all their steps surround ;
And shew that jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.
-

Hymn 4. 8 lines, 7's.

[Tune, Benefit Street.]

Why will ye die, O house of Israel ?

Ezek. 18—31.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your maker, asks you why ;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live :
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands :
Why, ye thankless creatures, why,
Will ye cross his love and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour asks you why :
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that you might live :
Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why,
Will ye slight his grace and die ?

- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why ;
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love ;
 Will you not the grace receive ?
 Will you still refuse to live ?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why,
 Will you grieve your God, and die ?
- 4 Dead, already dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin ;
 Dead to God, while here you breathe :
 Pant you after second death !
 Will you still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain ?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will you forever die ?

Hymn 5. L. M.

Gospel Feast.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast ;
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
 Ye need not one be left behind ;
 For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
 The invitation is to all ;
 Come all the world ! come, sinner, thou !
 All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
 Ye restless wand'ers after rest ;
 Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive ;
 Ye all may come to Christ and live ;
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain !

- 5 His love is mighty to compel :
His conqu'ring love consent to feel ;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice !
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace !
- 7 This is the time ; no more delay !
This is the acceptable day ;
Come in this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all !

Hymn 6. L. M.

Gospel Feast.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of the Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day ;
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning Son ;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the spirit of his love,
Stands now the stony to remove ;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate :
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host :
All heaven is ready to resound,
" The dead's alive, the lost is found ! "

- 6 Come, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor'd ;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plentitude of gospel grace.

Hymn 7. C. M.

The Gospel Feast.

- 1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room !
- 3 In Jesus' condescending heart
Both love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 Come then and with his people taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 5 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne ;
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.
- 6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

Hymn 8. 7's.

The Excellency of Public Worship.

- 1 LORD of Hosts, how lovely fair,
Here on earth thy temples are !

- Here thy waiting people see,
 Much of heav'n, and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
 Bliss, that softens all our woes,
 While thy Spirit's holy fire
 Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
 Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
 Here we learn thy righteous ways,
 Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with festive songs of joy,
 We our happy lives employ;
 Love, and long to love thee more,
 Till from earth to heaven we soar.
-

Hymn 9. L. M.

Weary Souls Invited to Rest.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
 Come and accept the promis'd rest;
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
 O come, and spread your woes to God;
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
 Pardon and life and endless peace,
 How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
 The hope thy gracious words impart;
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
 And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Great Saviour, let thy powerful love
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove;

May that sweet influence in each breast,
Prepare us for thy heavenly rest.

Hymn 10. L. M.

Christ the Wisdom of God.

- 1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he,
Who knows, "The Saviour died for me,"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandize!
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise,
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy—who his guest retains;
He owns and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n are one.

Hymn 11. C. M.

Universal Praise.

PART I.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, y' immortal choir,
That fills the realms above;

HYMN 11.

13

- Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise ye chrystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver green of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Through the ethereal blue ;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

PART II.

- 6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 7 While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their maker, God,
And lash the foaming brine.
- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these ;
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring through the trees.
- 9 Wave your tall heads ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow ;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.

- 10 Let the shrill birds his honors raise,
And climb the morning sky ;
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.
- 11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound ;
Echo the glories of your king
Through all the nations round.
-

Hymn 12. C. M.

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 HAIL, Father whose creating call,
Unnumber'd worlds attend,
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend :
- 2 In light unsearchable enthron'd,
Which angels dimly see,
The fountain of the Godhead own'd,
And foremost of the three.
- 3 From thee, through an eternal now,
The Son thine offspring flow'd
And everlasting Father thou,
As everlasting God.
- 4 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
Nor quite on earth conceal'd ;
By wond'rous unexhausted love,
To mortal man reveal'd.
- 5 Supreme and all-sufficient God,
When nature shall expire,
And worlds created by thy nod,
Shall perish by thy fire.
- 6 Thy name, Jehovah be ador'd
By creatures without end,
Whom none but thy essential Word
And Spirit comprehend.
-

Hymn 13. C. M.

[Tune, Cambridge.]

The Attributes of God.

- 1 Father, how wide thy glory shines!
How bright thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Those motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view thy great design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms;
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares the creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shown,
The justice or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Hymn 14. L. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 O God, my God, my all thou art,
Ere shines the dawn of rising day
Thy sov'reign light within my heart,
Thine all enliv'ning pow'r display.

- 2 In blessing thee with grateful songs,
My happy life shall glide away ;
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.
- 3 Abundant sweetness while I sing,
Thy love my ravish'd soul o'erflows,
Secure in thee, my God my King,
Of glory that no period knows.
- 4 Thy name, O Lord upon my bed
Dwells on my lips and fires my thoughts,
With trembling awe in midnight shade
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.
- 5 In all I do I feel thine aid,
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God who bidst my heart be glad
Beneath the shadow of thy wing.
- 6 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee ;
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free,
For whom thou sav'st he ne'er shall fail.

Hymn 15. L. M.

Unceasing Praise.

- 1 God of my life, through all its days
My grateful tongue shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with dawning light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast ;
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail ;
Joy through my feeble eyes shall break,
And mean those thanks I cannot speak.

- 4 But when the final conflict 's o'er,
My spirit chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains ;
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraph's round thy throne,
- 6 This cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live ;
A work so vast, a theme so high,
Demands a whole eternity.

Hymn 16. L. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 ETERNAL pow'r, whose high abode,
Becomes the grandeur of a God :
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too :
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to hush thy name :
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below,
Be short our tunes, our words be few ;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Hymn 17. S. M.

Humble Praise.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How wond'rous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad,
Throughout creation's frame.
 - 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thy goodness and thy praise.
 - 3 In native white and red,
The rose and lily stand,
And free from pride their beauties spread
To show thy skilful hand.
 - 4 The lark mounts up on high
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.
 - 5 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too ;
Fain would my tongue adore my King
And pay the worship due.
 - 6 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curs'd pride that creeps securely in,
And swells a wretched worm.
 - 7 Create my soul anew,
Or all my worship's vain ;
This sinful heart will not be true,
Till it be form'd again.
 - 8 In joy then let me spend
The remnant of my days ;
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfume of praise.
-

Hymn 18. 7's


The Christian's Song.

- 1 Grateful notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing ;
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd.
- 2 Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love ;
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 3 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear
Our humble hallelujah's hear,
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.
- 4 Lead us to that blissful state,
Where thou reign'st supremely great ;
Look with pity from thy throne,
Send the Holy Spirit down.
- 5 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.
- 6 Then with angels we'll again
Wake a louder, louder strain ;
There in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.
- 7 There no tongue shall silent be,
There all shall join sweet harmony ;
That thro' heav'ns all spacious round ;
Thy praise, O God, may ever sound.

Lord thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

Hymn 19. 7's.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 Come, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine,
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;
 - 2 Hands and hearts and voices raise,
Sing as in the ancient days,
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate redeeming love.
 - 3 Strive we, in affection, strive,
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God.
 - 4 We like them may live and love,
CalPd we are their joys to prove ;
Sav'd with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.
 - 5 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same,
One in ev'ry age and place
Full for all of truth and grace.
 - 6 We, for Christ, our master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land :
We our dying Lord confess ;
We are Jesus's witnesses.
 - 7 Witnesses that Christ hath dy'd,
We with him are crucify'd :
Christ hath burst the bands of death,
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe.
 - 8 Christ is now gone up on high ;
(Thither all our wishes fly :)
Sits at God's right hand above ;
There with him we reign in love.
- 

Hymn 20. L. M.

Not Ashamed of Christ.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be!
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee! whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far,
Let ev'ning blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus? just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning-star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe—no good to crave—
No fears to quell—no soul to save!
- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!
- 7 His institutions would I prize;
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

Hymn 21. S. M.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 TH' EXTENT of Jesus' love,
What heart can comprehend!

- A breadth whose distance none can pry
A length without an end!
- 2 The first born seraphs try
The myst'ry to explore;
They cannot find it out, for why?
The curse they never bore.
- 3 The grace unsearchable,
Transcending human thought!
Who, in the earth or heav'n can tell,
Or find the wonder out.
- 4 All the angelic choir
Unite to give him praise;
And saints redeeming love admire,
And loud hosannas raise.
- 5 To Christ we lift our voice,
Who have redemption found;
And in his name alone rejoice,
Whence all our joys abound.
- 6 This cures the burden'd mind;
This calms the troubled heart;
This manifests the Saviour kind,
And bids our fears depart!
-

Hymn 22. C. M.

Highway to Zion. Isaiah xxxv. 3—10

- 1 SING ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliverer sing:
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand has rais'd,
How holy, and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 Nor ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;

- Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise
And see your smiling God!
- 5 These garlands of immortal joy,
Shall bloom on ev'ry head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While labouring up the hill.
-

Hymn 23. C. M.

Redemption

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul!" he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine!

Hymn 24. L. M.

Easter. Rom. iv. 25.

- 1 He dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains!
- 6 Say, "live forever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "where's thy sting?"
"And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave!"

Hymn 25. 7's.

Christ's Resurrection. Mat. xxviii. 6.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly. *Hal.*
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Th' battle's fought, the vict'ry won;

- Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! he sets in blood no more,
 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath open'd paradise.
 4 Lives again our glorious king,
 "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
 Once he died our souls to save,
 "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
 5 What, though once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our parents' fall,
 Second life we shall receive,
 And in Christ forever live.
 6 [Hail, thou dear Almighty Lord,
 'Hail, thou great incarnate word;
 'Hail, thou suffering Son of God,
 'Take the trophies of thy blood.'] *Hal.*

Hymn 26. '7's.

[Tune, Hampton—Vil. Harmony.]

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.

Mat. xxviii. 2.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the stone away,
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
 See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom. *Hal.*
 2 Shout ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Echo to the blissful sound.
 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
 See the conqueror mount the skies;
 Troops of angels on the road,
 Hail, and sing th' incarnate God.
 4 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide,
 Glorious hero, through them ride;

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away :
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

Hymn 29. S. M. double.

[Tune, Unity-].

Christian Soldier.

- 1 HARK ! how the watchmen cry :
 Attend the trumpet's sound ;
 Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh !
 The pow'rs of hell surround :
 Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare :
 The day of battle is at hand !
 Go forth to glorious war !
- 2 See on the mountain top,
 The standard of our God !
 In Jesus' name I lift it up,
 All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
 His standard bearer, I
 To all the nations call :
 Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh ;
 He bore the cross for all.
- 3 Go up with Christ your Head,
 Your Captain's footsteps see ;
 Follow your Captain, and be led
 To certain victory :
 All pow'r to him is giv'n :
 He ever reigns the same :
 Salvation, happiness, and heav'n,
 Are all in Jesus' name.
- 4 Only have faith in God ;
 In faith your foes assail :
 Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
 But all the pow'rs of hell ;

From thrones of glory driv'n,
 By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
 They throng the air and darken heav'n,
 And rule the lower world.

Hymn 30. S. M. double.

Christian Soldier.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son :
 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in his mighty pow'r,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then against your foes
 In close and firm array ;
 Legions of wily fiends oppose
 Throughout the evil day :
 But meet the sons of night,
 But mock their vain design,
 Arm'd in the arms of heav'nly light,
 Of righteousness divine.
- 3 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul,
 Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
 And fortify the whole :
 Indissolubly join'd,
 To battle all proceed ;
 But arm yourselves with all the mind
 That was in Christ your head.
- 4 Let truth the girdle be,
 That binds your armour on,
 In faithful, firm sincerity,
 To Jesus cleave alone.

Let faith and love combine
 To guard your valiant breast ;
 The plate be righteousness divine,
 Imputed and imprest.

- 5 Still let your feet be shod,
 Ready his will to do ;
 Ready in all the ways of God
 His glory to pursue.
 Ruin is spread beneath,
 The gospel grace put on,
 And safe through all the snares of death,
 To life eternal run.

Hymn 31. L. M.

The Christian Soldier.

- 1 O, MAKE me, Lord, what I should be,
 To boldly face the enemy ;
 That when alarm'd to call the Lord,
 And pass the word to all the guard.
- 2 Grant me the weapons of thy word,
 The spirit's powerful two-edg'd sword,
 To slay my foes where'er they be,
 And own the vict'ry won by thee.
- 3 Thou art my Lord, keep me, I pray,
 That I may run the heav'nly way ;
 Nor from my duty e'er depart,
 But live to Christ with all my heart.
- 4 Help me to walk in humbleness,
 March in the way of holiness ;
 O make me pure and spotless too,
 And fit to stand the grand review.
- 5 That when our General shall come,
 With sound of trumpet, not of drum,
 'Tis then our well dress'd ranks shall stand,
 In full review at God's right hand.

- 6 And when our foes shall get the rout,
And Jesus wheels them left about ;
Then we'll march up the heav'nly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.
- 7 The war is o'er, and we are free
To join the blood-wash'd company ;
Our wages shall be harps of gold,
And joys of heav'n which can't be told.
- 8 There we shall drink full draughts of wine,
The band of music we shall join ;
And hallelujah's highest key,
Shall be our theme eternally.

Hymn 32. C. M.

Holy Fortitude.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross ?
A foll'wer of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease ?
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there, no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To keep me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

Hymn 33. C. M.

The Christian's Farewel.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heav'n, farewell,
 With all your feeble light ;
 Farewel, thou ever changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames array'd ;
 My soul that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode ;
 The pavement of those heavenly courts,
 Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display ;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into my eyes ;
 Nor the meridian sun decline,
 Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite,
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

Hymn 34. C. M. double.

Church Militant and Triumphant.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
 Who have obtain'd the prize,

- And on the eagle wings of love,
 To joys celestial rise :
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host hath cross'd the flood,
 And part is crossing now.
- 2 His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to reach the happy coast
 To see the heav'nly land.
 E'en now by faith we join our hands
 With those who went before,
 And greet the blood besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.
- 3 Our old companions in distress.
 We haste again to see ;
 And eager long for our release
 And full felicity.
 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die.
- 4 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crown'd,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear his trumpet sound !
 Oh, that we now might grasp our guide !
 Oh, that the word were given !
 Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven !

HyMN 35. C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day ;
 To all thy tempted follo'ers give
 The pow'r to watch and pray,

- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing pray'r !
- 3 Th' spirit of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim ;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow ;
Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,
I will not let thee go.
- 5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me ;
With all thy great salvation bless
And make me all like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain top,
Behold thy open face ;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And pray'r in endless praise.
-

Hymn 36. C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make,
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
-

- If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove,
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having griev'd thy love.
 5 O ! may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul ;
 And drive me to the blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.
-

Hymn 37. S. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 A charge to keep I have ;
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky :
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil ;
 O may it all my pow'rs engage .
 To do my Master's will.
 2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely ;
 Assur'd if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.
-

Hymn 38. C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise !
 What snares beset my way !
 To heav'n then let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !
- 3 O, gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail,
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 When strong temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside ;
My God thy pow'rful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 Still keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And never let me go astray,
From happiness and thee.

Hymn 39. C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 O, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean !
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human wo :
Jesus, for thee, distress'd I am,
I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, thou know'st can never rest,
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden reposess'd ;
From ev'ry sin I cease.

Hymn 40. C. M.

Walking in Darkness, and Trusting in God.

- 1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs ;
When will the tedious night be gone,
And when the dawn arise ?
- 2 My God ! O could I make the claim,
My Father and my Friend !
And call thee mine, by ev'ry name
On which thy saints depend !
- 3 By ev'ry name of pow'r and love,
I would thy grace entreat ;
Nor should my humble hope remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay ;
Here will I rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.
- 5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart ;
Thy love can make my sorrow cease,
And all the gloom depart.

- 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
 And bless thy healing rays ;
 And change these deep complaining sighs
 To songs of sacred praise.

Hymn 41. C. M.

The Contrite Heart.

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh,
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said, return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
 To drive me from thy feet ?
 O let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way !
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine ;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.
- 6 Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy ;
 Be this my comfort here below,
 And my eternal joy.

Hymn 42. C. M.

Penitential Prayer. Mat. iv. 24. John v. 2—
 Mat. xx. 30—34.

- 1 JESUS, since thou art still to-day,
 As yesterday the same ;

Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name.

2 Since thou delightest still to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

3 Lame at the pool I still am seen,
Waiting to find relief;
While many others venture in,
And wash away their grief.

4 If thou, my Lord, art passing by,
O let me find thee near;
Jesus in mercy hear my cry,
"Thou Son of David, hear."

5 See, I am waiting in thy way,
For thee, the heav'nly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight."

Hymn 43. L. M.

Importunate Prayer. Matt. vii. 7, &c.

1 OUR Father, thron'd above the sky,
To thee, our empty hands we spread;
Thy children at thy footstool lie,
And ask thy blessings on their head.

2 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that august and precious name,
By thee ordain'd, we now draw near,
And would the promis'd blessing claim.

3 Does not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famish'd son?
Will he reject the filial prayer,
Or mock him with a cake of stone?

4 Our heavenly Father, how much more
Will thy divine compassion rise;

- And open thy unbounded store,
To satisfy thy children's cries ?
- 5 Yes, we will ask, and seek and press
For gracious audience to thy seat,
Still hoping, waiting for success,
In persevering to entreat.
- 6 For Jesus in his faithful word
The patient supplicant has bless'd,
And all thy saints with one accord
The prevalence of prayer attest.
-

Hymn 44. S. M.

Importunate Prayer Prevalent with God.

Luke xviii. 1—7.

- 1 THE Lord, who truly knows
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us by his holy word,
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear ;
We never plead in vain ;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait ?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.
- 4 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gain'd at last her end.
- 5 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen, when they cry ?
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.
- 6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in pray'r ;

He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

Hymn 45. 7's.

[Tune, Falmouth.]

Importunity. Gen. xxxij. 26.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.
Dost thou ask me who I am ?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name !
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.
Thou did'st once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r ;
Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.
Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?
No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

Hymn 46. 10's.

[Tune, Walworth. Bridgewater Col.]

Prayer for the Latter Day Glory.

ORD of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,
hy children's voice in tender mercy hear ;
ear thy blest promise, fix'd as hills, in mind,
and shed renewing grace on lost mankind ;

- O let thy spirit like soft dews descend;
Thy gospel run to earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore
Oppress'd by man, and scourg'd by thee no more
Enrich'd with gold, adorn'd with heav'nly grace
Truth their sole guide, & all their pleasure praise
- 3 Then satan's kingdom shall from earth retire
Dead forms dissolve, and furious zeal expire
The Beast's fell throne shall darkness dire surround
Mohammed's empire tumble to the ground;
The dreams of infidels in smoke decay,
And all the foes of heav'n shall fleet away.
- 4 In barren wilds shall living waters spring,
Fair temples rise and songs of transport ring
The savage mind with sweet affection warm
And light and love the yielding bosom charm
From sin's oblivious sleep the soul arise,
And grace and goodness show'r from balmy skies
- 5 Then shall mankind no more in darkness roam
Then happy nations in a day be born;
From east to west thy glorious name be on
And one pure worship hail th' eternal Son:
Remotest realms one spotless faith unite,
And o'er all regions beam the Gospel's light

Hymn 47. 8, 8, 6.

[Tune, Supplication.]

The Lord's Prayer. Mat. vi. 9—13.

- 1 Our Father, whose eternal sway,
The bright angelic hosts obey,
O, lend a pitying ear!
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
O, condescend to hear!

- 2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
 May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
 And yield to sovereign love ;
 May we take pleasure to fulfil
 The sacred dictates of thy will,
 As angels do above.
- 3 From thy kind hand each temp'ral good,
 Our raiment and our daily food,
 In rich abundance come ;
 Lord, give us still a fresh supply ;
 If thou withhold'st thy hand, we die,
 And fill the silent tomb.
- 4 Pardon our sins, O God, that rise,
 And call for vengeance from the skies ;
 And while we are forgiv'n,
 Grant that revenge may never rest,
 And malice harbour in that breast
 That feels the love of heaven.
- 5 Protect us in the dang'rous hour,
 And from the wily tempter's pow'r,
 O, set our spirits free ;
 And if temptation should assail,
 May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
 And lead our hearts to thee.
- 6 Thine is the pow'r, to thee belongs
 The constant tribute of our songs,
 All glory to thy name !
 Let ev'ry creature join our lays,
 In one resounding act of praise,
 Thy wonders to proclaim.

Hyman 48. L. M.

Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
 In coming to a mercy-seat !
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?

- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight ;
 Pray'r makes the christian's armor bright ;
 And Satan trembles, when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side ;
 But when through weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ? ah, think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heav'n in supplication sent ;
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 " Hear what the Lord has done for me."

Hymn 49. L. M.

Prayer for the Success of Missions.

- 1 INDULGENT God, to thee we pray,
 Be with us on this solemn day ;
 Smile on our souls, our plans approve,
 By which we seek to spread thy love.
- 2 Let party prejudice be gone,
 And love unite our hearts in one ;
 Let all we have and are, combine
 To aid this glorious work of thine.
- 3 [Point us to men of upright mind,
 Devoted, diligent, and kind ;
 With grace be all their hearts endow'd,
 And light to guide them in the road,

- 4 With cheerful steps may they proceed,
Where'er thy providence shall lead ;
Let heav'n and earth their work befriend,
And mercy all their paths attend.]
- 5 Great let the bands of those be found
Who shall attend the gospel sound ;
And let barbarians, bond and free,
In suppliant throngs resort to thee.
- 6 Where Pagan altars now are built,
And brutal blood, or human, spilt,
There be the bleeding cross high rear'd,
And God, our God, alone rever'd.
- 7 Where captives groan beneath their chain,
Let grace, and love, and concord reign ;
The aged and the infant tongue,
Unite in one harmonious song.

Hymn 50. L. M.

God Entreated for Zion. Isaiah lxii. 6, 7.

- 1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear ?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear ?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mould'ring walls thou raise ?
Till thy own pow'r shall stand confess'd,
And make Jerusalem a praise.
- 3 For this a lowly suppliant crowd
Here in thy sacred temple wait ;
For this we lift our voices loud
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.
- 4 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round ;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

- 5 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar ;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 6 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heav'nly dew in copious showers,
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.
- 7 Then shall each age and rank agree,
United shouts of joy to raise ;
And Zion made a praise by thee,
To thee shall render back the praise.
-

Hymn 51. L. M.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to entreat ;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.
- 3 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
To be a light to Gentile lands ;
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched pris'ner's bands ?
- 4 Hast thou not said from sea to sea
His vast dominions shall extend ?
That ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,
And ev'ry knee before him bend ?
- 5 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Sion come ;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banish'd children home.
-

Hymn 52. C. M.

On a Public Fast.

- 1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend !
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and is our country spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are ?
O, be thine awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, forbear !
- 4 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian name !
- 5 O, bid us turn, almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 6 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear ;
Secure of never failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

Hymn 53. L. M.

Fast Hymn. Luke v. 34, 35.

- 1 WHILE God on Zion smiles in love,
And heav'nly dews distil around,
The saints rejoice, and soar above,
Nor fast, nor mourning-day is found.
- 2 But when the bridegroom takes his flight,
The church soon wears a sable gloom ;

- The day is turn'd to dismal night,
And fasting then may well have room.
- 3 The bridegroom's voice here once was know
His children walk'd in light and love :
But now, O, where has Jesus gone !
Whither has flown the heav'nly dove ?
- 4 Our day of fasting now has come,
Well may we weep before the Lord ;
We dwell like strangers, far from home,
We sigh to hear some cheering word.
- 5 Return, O Jesus ! quick return,
Return and cheer thy drooping vine ;
Shall we thy absence longer mourn ?
For thou art ours, and we are thine.
- 6 Thy work of grace, O God, revive ;
Come raise our hearts and souls above ;
Make all our christian graces thrive,
And turn our *fast* to feasts of love.
-

Hymn 54. C. M.

Pleading for Mercy. For a Fast Day.

- 1 COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay ;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us leave to pray.
- 2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair ;
Still open is the mercy-seat,
To penitence and prayer:
- 3 Kind intercessor, to thy love,
This blessed hope we owe ;
O, let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.
- 4 O, gracious God, for Jesus' sake,
Attend thy people's cry ;

Nor let the kindling vengeance break
Destructive from thine eye.

- 5 Though justice, near thy awful throne,
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

Hymn 55. C. M.

For a Time of General Sickness.

- 1 DEATH, with his dread commission seal'd,
Now hastens to his arms ;
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.
- 2 Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command ;
And pains, and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.
- 3 With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly power ;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.
- 4 Sovereign of life, we own thy hand,
In ev'ry chastening stroke ;
And while we smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence we invoke.
- 5 To thee, in our distress we cry ;
Lord bow thy gracious ear :
O, let thy word our life prolong,
And bring salvation near !
- 6 Then in the courts of righteousness,
With all the pious throng,
We will record our solemn vows,
And tune our grateful song.

Hymn 56. L. M.

Prayer for Peace.

- 1 WHILE justice waves her vengeful hand
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful pow'r
With fear and trembling we adore.
- 2 Where shall we fly but to thy feet ?
Our only refuge is thy seat ;
Thy seat, where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.
- 3 While peace and plenty blest our days,
Where was the tribute of our praise ?
Ungrateful race ! how have we spent
The blessings which thy goodness lent !
- 4 [Pale famine now, and wasting war,
With threat'ning frown, thy wrath declare ;
But war and famine are thy slaves,
Nor can destroy when mercy saves.]
- 5 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;
Though loud our crimes for vengeance cry ;
Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
Nor thy long-suff'ring patience fail.
- 6 Encourag'd by thy sacred word,
May we not plead thy promise, Lord,
That when an humble nation mourns,
Thy rising wrath to pity turns ?
- 7 O let thy sovereign grace impart
Contrition to each rocky heart ;
And bid sincere repentance flow,
In general, undissembled wo.
- 8 [Fair smiling peace again restore ;
With plenty bless the pining poor :
And may a happy, thankful land,
Obedient own thy guardian hand.]

Hymn 57. L. M.

Prayer for Peace. Amos iii. 1—6.

- 1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword,
O whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?
- 2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears:
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On thee, our guardian God, we call—
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliv'rance there?
And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn—
To our forsaken God we turn!
O spare our guilty country—spare
The church which thou hast planted there.
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises—
And are they unavailing pleas?
- 6 These pleas presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down,
On guilty lands in helpless wo:
Let them prevail to save us too.

Hymn 58. C. M.

Secret Prayer. Mat. vi. 6.

- 1 FATHER divine! thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,

- With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry evening's shade.
- 3 O, may thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame ;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.
-

Hymn 59. L. M.

Prayer for Divine Support.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light ;
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee,
O burst these bonds and set it free !
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought, let all within,
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee ;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;

Till toil and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy and peace.

Hymn 60. L. M.

A Thanksgiving Hymn.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise,
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And ev'ry voice thy goodness sing.
- 2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
Life, health, and strength thy hands bestow ;
The daily good thy creatures share,
Springs from thy providential care.
- 3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvests waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing shower,
Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.
- 4 At thy command, the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winter's gloom ;
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.
- 5 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, paternal joys ;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.
- 6 But how shall frail, imperfect man,
Whose being reaches but a span,
Attempt in earth-born strains to prove
The wonders of redeeming love !
- 7 Let ev'ry pow'r of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song ;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the Majesty divine.

Hymn 61. C. M.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Hymn 62. L. M.

Holy Resolution.

- 1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain ?
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 I would resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord ;

Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

- 3 O be his service all my joy,
Around let my examples shine ;
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice ;
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy sacred ways ;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

Hymn 63. L. M.

Persecution.

- 1 Absurd and vain attempt ! to bind
With iron chains, the free-born mind :
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring, by destructive flame !
- 2 Bold arrogance, to snatch from heav'n
Dominion not to mortals giv'n !
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Mad zeal ! that fills the world with wo !
That hurls down kingdoms at a blow !
That wakens vengeance to devour
The foes of anti-christian power,
- 4 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve ;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms, but what persuasion yields.
- 5 By proofs divine and reason strong,
It draws the willing soul along ;

- And conquests to thy church acquires,
 By eloquence, which heav'n inspires.
 6 O happy, who are thus compell'd
 To the rich feast by Jesus held!
 May we this blessing know, and prize
 The light which liberty supplies.
-

Hymn 64. L. M.

Longing for the Promised Spread of the Gospel.

Dan. li. 45.

- 1 EXERT thy pow'r, thy rights maintain,
 Insulted—everlasting King!
 The influence of thy crown increase,
 And strangers to thy footstool bring.
 - 2 We long to see that happy time,
 That dear expected, blessed day!
 When countless myriads of our race
 The second Adam shall obey.
 - 3 The prophecies must be fulfill'd,
 Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
 The stone, cut from the mountain's side,
 Though unobserv'd, to empire grows.
 - 4 Soon Afric's long enslaved sons,
 Shall join with Europe's polish'd race,
 To celebrate, in different tongues,
 The glories of redeeming grace.
 - 5 From east to west, from north to south,
 Emmanuel's kingdom shall extend;
 And ev'ry man, in ev'ry face,
 Shall meet a brother and a friend.
-

Hymn 65. C. M.

The Christian Warrior Animated.

- 1 HARK! 'tis our heav'nly leader's voice,
 From the bright realms above!

- Amidst the war's tumultuous rage,
A voice of power and love.
- 2 "Maintain the fight, my faithful band,
Nor fear the mortal blow;
He that in such a warfare dies,
Shall speedy vict'ry know.
- 3 "I have my days of combat known,
And in the dust was laid;
But now I sit upon my throne,
And glory crowns my head.
- 4 "This throne, this glory shall be yours,
My hands the crown shall give;
And you the blest reward shall share,
Whilst God himself shall live."
- 5 Lord, 'tis enough, our souls are fir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.
- 6 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast trod,
To triumph and renown;
Nor shun the combat and thy cross,
May we but wear thy crown.
-

Hymn 66. 8 lines. 7's.

Success of the Gospel.

- 1 SEE, how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.
T' bring free grace, on earth he came,
Kindled in some hearts it is;
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!
- 2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:

- Now the word doth swiftly run,
 Now it wins its wid'ning way :
 More and more it spreads and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail ;
 Sin's strong hold it now o'erthrows,
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
- 3 Sons of God your Saviour praise :
 He the door hath open'd wide ;
 He hath giv'n the word of grace,
 Jesus' word is glorify'd !
 Jesus mighty to redeem,
 He alone the work hath wrought ;
 Worthy is the work of him,
 Him who spake a world from nought.
- 4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand ?
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land :
 Lo ! the promise for a show'r
 Drops already from above ;
 But the Lord will shortly pour
 All the spirit of his love !

Hymn 67. C. M.

[Tune, The True Penitent.]
Revival of Religion Seen.

- 1 HARK ! hear the sound, on earth 'tis found—
 My soul delights to hear
 Of dying love that's from above,
 Of pardon bought most dear.
- 2 Young converts sing and praise their King,
 And bless God's holy name ;
 Whilst older saints leave their complaints,
 And joy to join the theme.
- 3 Convinc'd of sin, men now begin
 To call upon the Lord,

- Trembling they pray, and mourn the day,
In which they scorn'd his word.
- 4 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls
Of those who hate the truth;
And saints in pray'r. cry, 'Lord draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.'
- 5 Pour down a show'r, of thy great pow'r,
On ev'ry aching heart;
On all who try, and humbly cry,
That they may have a part.
- 6 Come sinners, all, now hear God's call,
And pray with one accord!
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,
To hail th' approaching Lord.

Hymn 68. C. M.

[Tune, "Our Souls in Love."]

Church Union. Col. ii. 2.

- 1 Our souls, in love, together knit,
Cemented, join'd in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.
- 2 Our hearts have burn'd, while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS. L. M.

"A Saviour!" let creation sing!

"A Saviour!" let all heaven ring!

He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours,
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining them who 're gone before,
We then shall meet to part no more.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain;

- And in desponding accents said,
 "Ah! what must Israel do?"
- 2 But he forgot the Lord, who lifts
 The beggar to the throne;
 Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts,
 Would soon be made his own.
- 3 What—when a Paul has run his course,
 Or when Apollos dies—
 Is Israel left without resource?
 And have we no supplies?
- 4 Yes, while the great Redeemer lives,
 We have a boundless store;
 And shall be fed with what he gives
 Who lives for evermore.

Hymn 79. C. M.

Prayer for Vacant Churches.

Numb. xxvii. 15—17.

- 1 FATHER of spirits, from thy hand,
 Our souls immortal came;
 And still thine energy divine
 Supports th' ethereal flame.
- 2 To thee, when mortal comforts fail,
 Thy flock, deserted, flies;
 And on th' eternal shepherd's care,
 Our cheerful hope relies.
- 3 When o'er thy faithful servants' dust,
 Thy dear assemblies mourn,
 In speedy tokens of thy grace,
 O, Israel's God, return.
- 4 The pow'rs of nature all are thine,
 And thine the aids of grace;
 Thy arm has borne thy churches up,
 Through ev'ry rising race.
- 5 Grant thy sacred influence here,
 And here thy supplicants bless,
-

- And change to strains of cheerful praise,
 Their accents of distress.
- 6 With faithful heart and skilful hand,
 May this thy flock be fed ;
 And with a steady growing pace
 To Zion's mountain led.

Hymn 80. L. M.

For the Ordination or Settlement of a Minister.

Eph. iv. 11, 12.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
 Smile on our homage and our vows ;
 While with a grateful heart we share,
 These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heav'n he rose
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
 Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
 And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' Apostle's honour'd name,
 Sacred beyond heroic fame ;
 Hence dictates the prophetic sage,
 And hence the Evangelic page.
- 4 In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
 Pastors from hence, and teachers rise ;
 Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
 Still gild a long extended line.
- 5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
 And fed by Christ their graces live ;
 While guarded by his potent hand,
 'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 6 So shall the bright succession run
 Through the last courses of the sun ;
 While unborn churches, by their care,
 Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 7 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
 The spring, whence all these blessings flow ;

Hymn 94. L. M.*Sacramental. I Cor. 11—28.*

- 1 'Twas on that dark, that solemn night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!
- 3 This is my body broke for sin,
Receive, and eat this living food;
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
'Tis the new covenant in my blood.
- 4 Do this, he cried, till time shall end,
Meet at my table, and record
The mem'ry of your dying friend;
The love of your departed Lord.
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We share thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Hymn 95. C. M.*Sacramental.*

- 1 Lord, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 3 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feast was made for you:"

- “ For you I groan’d, and bled, and died,
 “ And rose, and triumph’d too.”
- 4 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
 Lord, we accept thy love :
 ’Tis a rich banquet we have had,
 What will it be above ?
- 5 Ye saints below, and hosts of heav’n,
 Join all your praising powers :
 No theme is like redeeming love,
 No Saviour is like ours.

Hymn 96. C. M.

Believers Parting.

- 1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
 That will not let us part ;
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join’d in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints, we go ;
 And still in Jesus’ footsteps tread,
 And shew his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside,
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucify’d !
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his belov’d embrace ;
 Expect his fulness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour’s grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
 Which shall our flesh restore ;

When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

Hymn 97. C. M.

The Incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heav'n the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
"Good-will and peace are now complete;
"Jesus was born to die."

Hymn 98. C. M.

*The Song of the Angels.—For the Nativity of
our Blessed Lord and Saviour.*

Luke ii. 8, 15.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watch their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,

- The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
"Had seiz'd their troubled mind ;"
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
"And this shall be the sign.
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
"To human view display'd,
"All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song—
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace,
"Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to men
"Begin, and never cease."

Hymn 99. C. M.

For the New Year.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn ;

What are thy hopes ? how sure ? how fair ?
And what thy chief concern ?

4 With the new year, which now begins,
Begin thy race for heaven ;
Repent of all thy former sins,
Reform and be forgiven.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
To him thyself commend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.



Hymn 100. C. M.

For a New Year's Day.

Reflections on our Waste of Years. Psalm xc. 9.

1 **REMARK**, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year !
How swift the weeks complete their rounds !
How short the months appear !

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift advancing year ;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my smiling soul.
To joy that never dies.

Hymn 101. 7's.

New Year. Jer. xxviii. 16.

- 1 Lo ! another year has gone !
Quickly have the seasons past !
This we enter now upon,
Will to many prove their last.
- 2 Some, we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seem'd as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun.
- 3 Some, (but who, God only knows,)
That are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.
- 4 If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome then, the call will be,
To depart, and see thy face.
- 5 To thy saints, while here below,
With new years new mercies come ;
But the happiest year they know,
Is their last which leads them home.

Hymn 102. L. M.*Redeeming Time.*

- 1 God of eternity, from thee
Did infant time its being draw,
Minutes and days and months and years
Revolve by thy unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away,
Steady and strong the current flows,
Till lost in that unmeasur'd sea,
From which its being first arose.
- 3 The thoughtless sons of Adam's race,
Upon the rapid stream are borne ;

To that unseen, eternal home,
From which no travellers return.

- 4 Yet whilst the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show ;
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great source of wisdom, teach our hearts
To know the price of ev'ry hour ;
That time may bear us on to joys,
Beyond its measure and its power.

Hymn 103. C. M.

Winter.

- 1 Now faintly smile day's hasty hours,
The fields and gardens mourn ;
Nor ruddy fruits, nor blooming flowers,
Stern winter's brow adorn.
- 2 Stern winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round ;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd.
- 3 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart ;
And drooping, lifeless, nature seems
An emblem of my heart.
- 4 My heart where mental winter reigns
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold, inactive chains,
How desolate and sad.
- 5 Ere long the sun with genial ray,
Shall cheer the mourning earth,
And blooming flowers, and verdure gay
Renew their annual birth.
- 6 Great source of light ! thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore ;

And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

Hymn 104. C. M.

The Spring.

- 1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray ;
And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,
How sweet the vernal day.
 - 2 Hark, how the feather'd warblers sing !
'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.
 - 3 How kind the influence of the skies !
The showers with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance, rise,
And fix the roving thought.
 - 4 Then let my wond'ring heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand which deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.
 - 5 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heav'nly gifts impart ;
Then shall my meditations trace
Spring blooming in my heart.
-

Hymn 105. L. M.

The Beauties of the Spring.

- 1 How sweetly along the gay mead
The daisies and cowslips are seen !
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the beautiful green.
- 2 The vines that encircle the bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,

Trees, plants, cooling fruits and sweet flowers,
All rise to the praise of my God.

- 3 Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove ?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and love.
- 4 The Lord who such wonders can raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

Hymn 106. L. M.

Spring and Autumn.

- 1 WHEN spring displays her various sweets,
And opening blossoms cheer the eyes,
And fancy ev'ry beauty meets,
Whence does the pleasing transport rise ?
- 2 Soon will their transient date expire,
They fly and mock the fond pursuit ;
New pleasures there the thought inspire,
And bounteous Autumn yields her fruit.
- 3 Thus, when the spring of youth decays,
Though deck'd with blossoms sweet and fair,
Autumn a nobler scene displays,
If fruits of virtue flourish there.
- 4 For this the vernal buds arise ;
But if no useful virtues grow,
Their worthless beauty quickly flies,
And blossoms only served for show.

Hymn 107. C. M.

On a Season of Threatening Drought.

- 1 The spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year ;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms and flowers,
T' adorn her reign appear.

- But soon canst thou, in righteous wrath,
 Blast all the promis'd joy ;
 And elements await thy nod,
 To bless or to destroy.
- 3 The sun, thy minister of love,
 That, from the naked ground,
 Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
 And spreads their beauties round.
- 4 At the dread order of his God,
 Now darts destructive fires ;
 Hills, plains, and vales are parch'd with drought,
 And blooming life expires.
- 5 Like burnish'd brass the heav'n-around,
 In angry terror burns ;
 While the earth lies a joyless waste,
 And into iron turns.
- 6 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
 Nor with our land contend ;
 Bid the avenging skies relent,
 And showers of mercy send.
-

Hymn 108. C. M.

On a Season of Abounding Rain.

- 1 How hast thou, Lord, from year to year,
 Our land with plenty crown'd,
 And gen'rous fruit and golden grain
 Have spread their riches round.
- 2 But we thy mercies have abus'd,
 To more abounding crimes ;
 What heights, what daring heights in sin,
 Mark and disgrace our times.
- 3 Equal, though awful is the doom,
 That fierce, descending rain,
 Should into inundations swell,
 And crush the rising grain.

- 4 How just, that in the autumn's reign,
 When we had hop'd to reap,
 Our fields of sorrow and despair
 Should lie, a hideous heap!
- 5 But, Lord, have mercy on our land,
 These floods of vengeance stay;
 Dispel those glooms, and let the sun
 Shine in unclouded day.
- 6 To thee alone we look for help:
 None else of dew or rain
 Can give the world the smallest drop,
 Or smallest drop restrain.

Hymn 109. S. M. double.

Death and Judgment.

- 1 And am I born to die?
 To lay this body down?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown!
 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierc'd by human thought;
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot.
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be!
 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave must rise,
 And see the judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies!
- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing meet!

- Will angel-bands convey
 Their brother to the bar?
 Or devil's drag my soul away
 To meet its sentence there?
- 4 Who can resolve the doubt
 That hovers in my breast?
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
 Or number'd with the blest?
 I must from God be driv'n,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at his command to heav'n,
 Or else depart to hell.
- 5 O thou that would'st not have
 One wretched sinner die,
 Who died thyself, my soul to save
 From endless misery.
 Shew me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
 That when thou comest on thy throne
 I may with joy appear.

Hymn 110. C. M.

Resurrection and Judgment.

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I view my Maker, face to face,
 O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought;
 My soul with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought!
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear!

- 4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears,
Eternal wo prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair,
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

Hymn 111. L. M.

Judgment.

- 1 He comes, he comes, the judge severe,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near,
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll
Welcome to the faithful soul.
- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd,
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

Hymn 112. S. M. double.

Judgment.

- 1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,

- With holy joy or guilty dread
 We all shall soon appear :
 Our caution'd souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray :
- 2 To pray and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When rob'd in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heav'n come down :
 Th' immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all the Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
 T' increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let th' archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears,
 The solemn midnight cry,
 " Ye dead, the Judge is come ;
 " Arise and meet him in the sky,
 " And meet your instant doom !"
- 4 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to thy word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord !
 O may we thus ensure
 A lot among the blest ;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest !

Hymn 113. L. M.

On Devastation by Fire.

WEARIED by day with toils and cares,
 How welcome is the peaceful night !

- Sweet sleep our wasted strength repairs,
And fits us for returning light.
- 2 Yet when our eyes in sleep are closed,
Our rest may break ere well begun ;
To dangers, ev'ry hour expos'd,
We neither can foresee nor shun.
- 3 'Tis of the Lord that we can sleep,
A single night without alarms ;
His eye alone our lives can keep
Secure amidst a thousand harms.
- 4 For months and years of safety past,
Ungrateful we, alas ! have been :
Though patient long, he spoke at last,
And bid the fire rebuke our sin.
- 5 The shout of fire ! a dreadful cry,
Impress'd each heart with deep dismay ;
While the fierce blaze and red'ning sky,
Made midnight wear the face of day.
- 6 The throng and terror, who can speak !
The various sounds that fill'd the air !
The infant's wail, the mother's shriek,
The voice of blasphemy and prayer ?
- 7 But pray'r prevail'd, and sav'd the town,
For they, who lov'd the Saviour's name,
Were heard, and mercy hasted down
To check the rage—to stop the flame.
- 8 O may the scene be ne'er forgot !
Lord still increase thy praying few ;
Were cities left without a Lot,
Ruin, like Sodom's, would ensue.

Hymn 114. L. M.

Storm and Thunder.

- 1 LORD of the earth, and sea, and skies,
All nature owns thy sovereign power ;

At thy command the tempests rise,
 At thy command the thunders roar.
 We hear with trembling and affright
 The voice of heav'n, tremendous sound !
 Keen lightnings pierce the shades of night,
 And spread their horrors all around.

What mortal could sustain the stroke,
 Should wrath divine in dreadful storms,
 Which our repeated crimes provoke,
 Descend to crush rebellious worms !

These dreadful glories of thy name
 With terror would o'erwhelm our souls ;
 But mercy dawns with kinder beam,
 And guilt and rising fear controls.

O let thy mercy on my heart,
 With cheering, healing radiance shine ;
 Bid ev'ry anxious fear depart,
 And gently whisper, " thou art mine."

Then, safe beneath thy guardian care,
 In hope serene my soul shall rest ;
 Nor storms nor dangers reach me there,
 In thee, my God, my refuge, blest.

Hymn 115. C. M.

In a Thunder Storm.

LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
 To sheltring caverns fly,
 And justly dread the vengeful fate
 Which thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
 The threat'ning storms obey,
 Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
 As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
 The lightnings horrid glare,

- It views the same all gracious power
Which breathes the vernal air.
- 4 Through nature's ever varying scene,
By different ways pursu'd ;
The one eternal end of heav'n
Is universal good.
- 5 With like beneficent effect,
O'er flaming ether glows ;
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
And blushes in the rose.
- 6 When through creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the guilty soul.
- 7 Unmov'd may we the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the tranquil morn
Of everlasting day.

Hymn 116. L. M.

Earthquake. Isaiah xxix. 6.

- 1 GREAT God, in characters of flame,
We read the terrors of thy name ;
'Tis guilt provokes these dire alarms,
And sets th' Omnipotent in arms.
- 2 O may the world thy judgments own,
And humbly bow before thy throne !
That pow'r which rocks asunder parts,
Can break e'en adamant hearts !
- 3 Of riches we will boast no more,
No more to earth entrust our store,
That in an instantaneous grave
Resumes the gold and gems it gave.
- 4 Our hopes shall now ascend on high,
And seek a treasure in the sky ;

The mines above are rich and pure,
And shall through endless years endure.

Hymn 117. C. M.

On Earthquakes.

ALTHOUGH on massy pillars built,
The earth has lately shook ;
It trembles under human guilt,
Before its Maker's look.

Swift as the shock amazement spreads,
And sinners tremble too ;
What flight can screen their guilty heads,
If earth itself pursue ?

But if these warnings prove in vain,
Say, sinner, canst thou tell
How soon the earth may quake again,
And open wide to hell ?

Repent before the Judge draws nigh ;
Or else, when he comes down,
Thou wilt in vain for earthquakes cry,
To hide thee from his frown.

But happy they, who love the Lord,
And his salvation know ;
The hope that's founded on his word,
No change can overthrow.

Should the deep rooted hills be hurl'd,
And plung'd beneath the seas,
And strong convulsions shake the world,
Your hearts may rest in peace.

Jesus, your Shepherd, Lord, and Chief,
Shall shelter you from ill ;
And not a worm, nor shaking leaf,
Can move but at his will.

Hymn 118. C. M.

Marriage. John ii. 1, 2.

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast ;
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow
Of all rich dowries blest !
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In pray'r, and faith, and hope ;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.
- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca gave
A pattern chaste and kind,
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 ' O may each soul assembled here,
Be married, Lord, to thee ;
Clad in thy robes made white and fair,
To spend eternity.'

Hymn 119. L. M.*Marriage.*

- 1 To nature's God devoutly raise
Your grateful voice in songs of praise ;

- 'Tis he, who form'd the human kind,
And gave to man the social mind :
- M**ade Eden's beauties round him rise,
And crown'd him lord below the skies,
But what were Eden's charming bowers,
To lonely man with social powers ?
- 3** He wants a friend ! what can atone ?
Man was not made to be alone :
'Tis from the social state that flow
The sweetest pleasures here below.
- 4** The God of heav'n was pleas'd to make
A blooming Eve for Adam's sake ;
Then join'd their hearts in bands of love,
And sent them blessings from above.
- 5** Then sacred be the plighted hand,
And sacred be the marriage band ;
May love from each to other beam,
And virtue be their constant theme.
- 6** And when death cuts the vital cord,
May each be wedded to the Lord ;
To share with saints the bliss of heaven,
Bliss purer than by marriage given.

Hymn 120. L. M.

Family Religion. Gen. xviii. 19.

- 1** FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace ;
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustain'd.
- 2** To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd ;
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3** To thee may each united house,
Morning and night present its vows ;

Our servants there and rising race
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

- 4 O may each future age proclaim,
The honours of thy glorious name,
While pleas'd and thankful we remove,
To join the family above.

Hymn 121. L. M.

For a Master of a Family.

- 1 MASTER supreme, I look to thee
For grace and wisdom from above !
Vested with thine authority,
Endue me with thy patient love.
- 2 That taught according to thy will,
To rule my family aright,
I may th' appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart and all my might.
- 3 Inferiors as a sacred trust,
I from the sovereign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just,
Impartial, I to all may give.
- 4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye,
From vice and wickedness restrain :
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a gentle rein.
- 5 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear !
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel,
Of souls entrusted to my care.
- 6 In daily pray'r to God commend
The souls whom Jesus died to save,
And think how soon my sway may end,
And all be equal in the grave.

Hymn 122. C. M.

Death of a Child. 2 Sam. xii. 22, 23.

ALAS ! how chang'd that lovely flower,
Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart !
Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're call'd to part !
And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God whose ways are love ?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For her who rests above ?
No !—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
The Lord is righteous still.
From adverse blasts and low'ring storms
Her favour'd soul he bore,
And with yon bright angelic forms,
She lives to die no more.
Why should I vex my heart, or fast ;
No more she'll visit me ;
My soul will mount to her at last,
And I her face shall see.
Prepare me blessed Lord to share
The bliss thy people prove ;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

Hymn 123. C. M.*On the Death of a Child.*

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.
Death spreads, like winter's frozen arms,
And beauty smiles no more ;

- It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death will come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey :
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Oh ! let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God ! thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power ;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.
-

Hymn 137. C. M.

Prayer for Youth.

- 1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace ;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root ;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O, hear betimes
The voice of heav'nly love !
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within your youthful breast ;
Or half the crimes which you have done,
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public prayer is made,
O join the public prayer !

For you the secret tear is shed,
O, shed yourselves a tear !

- 6 We pray that you may early prove,
The spirit's power to teach ;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.
-

Hymn 138. C. M.

Early Piety.

- 1 **HAPPY** is he, whose early years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 Our youth, devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes,
A flower when offer'd in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 It saves us from a thousand fears,
To mind religion young ;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And renders virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our hearts we now resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy praise,
Whilst we have life and breath ;
Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

Hymn 139. L. M.

Early Piety. Mat. xii. 20.

- 1 How soft the words my Saviour speaks !
How kind the promises he makes !
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.
- 2 The humble poor he wont despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown ;
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.
- 3 When piety, in early minds,
Like tender buds, begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.
- 4 With humble souls he bears a part
In all the sorrows they endure ;
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.
- 5 He sees the struggles that prevail,
Between the pow'rs of grace and sin ;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 6 Though press'd with fears on ev'ry side,
They know not how the strife may end ;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto vict'ry send.

Hymn 140. C. M.

Christ's Condescending Regard to Little Children

Mark x. 14.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !

- 1 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name ;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 "The Lord of angels came."
- 2 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee ;
 Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 3 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear,
 Ye children, seek his face ;
 And fly with transport, to receive
 The blessings of his grace.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust ;
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

Hymn 141. C. M.

Youth Invited to Love Christ.

- 1 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
 In smiling crowds, draw near ;
 And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you ;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
 "Is sure my love to gain ;
 "And those that early seek my grace,
 "Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compar'd with thee ?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in christ I see ?

- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind !
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find.

Hymn 142. C. M.

On the Education of Children and Youth.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man, whose heart expands,
 At melting pity's call,
 And the rich blessings of his hands,
 Like heavenly manna, fall.
- 2 Mercy, descending from above,
 In softest accents pleads ;
 O, may each tender bosom move,
 When mercy intercedes !
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
 To guide untutor'd youth ;
 And lead the mind that went astray,
 To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Children our kind protection claim,
 And God will well approve,
 When infants learn to lis'p his name,
 And their Creator love.
- 5 Delightful work ! young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.
- 6 Almighty God ! thy influence shed,
 To aid this good design ;
 The honours of thy name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

Hymn 143. L. M.

Sunday School.

Congregation.

- 1 GREAT God, accept our songs of praise,
 Which we would to thy honour raise ;

Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Saviour God.

Children.

- 2 Next to our God, our thanks are due
To those who did compassion shew,
In kindly pointing out the road,
That leads to Christ, the way to God.

Congregation.

- 3 We claim no merit of our own ;
Great God, the work is thine alone !
Thou didst at first our hearts incline,
To carry on this great design.

Children.

- 4 Now we are taught to read and pray,
To hear God's word, to keep his day ;
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring—
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

Congregation.

- 5 With those dear children, we'll unite ;
Their songs inspire us with delight ;
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
May angels join the notes above.

Children.

- 6 Great God, our benefactors bless,
Congregation.
And crown thy word with great success ;
Both.
O may we meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

Hymn 144. L. M.

Sunday School.

Congregation.

- 1 O WHAT a pleasure 'tis to see
Christians in harmony agree,
To teach the rising race to know
They're born in sin, expos'd to wo !

Children.

- 2 O what a privilege is this,
That we obtain'd so rich a grace !
We're taught the path to endless day—
We're taught to read, to sing, and pray.

Chorus.

- 3 To God let highest praise be giv'n ;
Hark ! how the echo sounds from heav'n :
Come, let us with the angels join—
Glory to God, good will to men.

Congregation.

- 4 Lord, thou hast said, in sacred page,
That children are thy heritage :
Accept them, bless them with thy grace,
Till they above behold thy face.

Children.

- 5 Let blessings in abundance flow
On all around us here below ;
May we our benefactors meet,
Around Jehovah's blissful seat.

Chorus.

To God let highest praise be giv'n ;
Hark ! how, &c.

Hymn 145. C. M.

Sunday School.

Boys.

- 1 ONCE more we keep the sacred day,
That saw the Saviour rise ;
Once more we tune our infant song
To him that rules the skies.

Girls.

- 2 What numbers vainly spend these hours,
That are to Jesus due ;
Children and parents, how they live !
And how they perish too !

Boys.

- 3 But we, a happier few, are taught
The ways of heav'nly truth ;

We hail once more the plan of love,
That pities wand'ring youth.

Girls.

- 1 Our foolish hearts are prone to err ;
Too oft we find it so ;
O may the God of grace forgive,
And better hearts bestow.

Boys.

- 3 Teach us the way, while here we learn
To read thy holy word ;
Bless all the kind instructions giv'n,
And make us thine, O Lord.

Both.

- 8 Praise to our God, and thanks to those
Who thus the poor befriend ;
While the rich benefit we reap,
On them the blessing send.

Hymn 146. S. M.

Sunday School.

Boys.

- 1 Lord, in the days of youth,
May we in grace improve ;
And learn the word of sacred truth,
The Saviour's dying love !

Girls.

- 2 Our moments haste away,
With ev'ry heaving breath ;
And swiftly hastens on the day,
When we must sink in death.

Boys.

- 3 While some are never taught
The way of God with care ;
We bless the Lord that we are brought
To this thine house of pray'r.

Girls.

- 4 Lord, give us ears to hear,
And hearts to understand ;

In trouble may we find thee near—
A Saviour close at hand!

Boys.

- 5 Through life's dark, rugged road,
Thus far we're kept by thee :
May heav'n at last be our abode,
Thy glory there to see.

Girls.

- 6 Blest be our God who lives,
And reigns with boundless sway ;
Richly our benefactor gives :
We'll praise him all the day.

Both.

- 7 Beyond the azure sky,
We'll praise thee more and more ;
And through a long eternity,
A God in Christ adore. *Hal. Amen.*

Hymn 147. L. M.

Exemplary Deportment.

- 1 BEHOLD the sons and heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood !
Are they not born to heavenly joys ?
And shall they stoop to earthly toys ?
- 2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind ?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport, for play,
To wear out time and waste the day ?
- 3 Doth vain discourse or empty mirth
Well suit the honours of their birth ?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, which fools admire ?
- 4 What if we wear the richest vest ?
Insects and birds are better drest ;
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust and feed the worms.

- 5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions high,
 Touch our vain souls with sacred fire,
 Then with a heav'n-directed eye,
 We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below,
 With such disdain as angels do ;
 And wait the call that bids us rise,
 To mansions promis'd in the skies.

Hymn 148. L. M.

Uncharitable Judgment.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God, 'tis thine to know
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
 To judge from principles within,
 When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, high Lord of all,
 Thy servants to his bar may call ?
 Decide of heresy, and shake
 A brother o'er the flaming lake ?
- 3 Who with another's eye, can read ?
 Or worship by another's creed ?
 Believing thy command alone,
 We humbly seek and use our own.
- 4 If wrong, forgive ; accept, if right,
 Whilst faithful we obey our light ;
 And, cens'ring none, are zealous still
 To follow as to learn thy will.
- 5 When shall our happy eyes behold
 Thy people fashion'd in thy mould ?
 And charity our lineage prove,
 Deriv'd from thee, O God of love ?

Hymn 149. L. M.

Christian Fellowship. Acts ii. 42.

- 1 Ye diff'rent sects, who all declare,
 " Lo, here is Christ, or Christ is there ! "

- Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And shew me where the christians live ?
- 2 Your claim, alas ! ye cannot prove ;
Ye want the genuine mark of love :
Thou, only thou, thine own canst know,
For sure thou hast a church below.
- 3 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou callest them with thine eye !
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous flame.
- 4 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banish'd ones ;
Love, greatest of thy gifts, impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.
- 5 Join ev'ry soul that looks to thee,
In bonds of perfect charity :
Now, Lord, thy glorious fulness give,
And all in all for ever live.

Hymn 150. S. M.

Love to the Brethren.

- 1 Bless'd be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our fathers throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our arms, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;

- But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 3 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way,
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

Hymn 151. L. M.

Christ's Address to the Church at Ephesus.

Rev. ii. 1—7.

THUS saith the Lord to Ephesus,
 And thus he speaks to some of us,
 " Amidst my churches, lo, I stand,
 And hold the pastures in my hand.
 " Thy works to me are fully known,
 Thy patience, and thy toil I own ;
 Thy views of gospel truth are clear,
 Nor canst thou other doctrine bear.
 " Yet I must blame, while I approve :
 Where is thy first, thy fervent love ?
 Dost thou forget my love to thee,
 That thine is grown so faint to me ?
 " Recall to mind the happy days,
 When thou wast fill'd with joy and praise;
 Repent—thy former works renew,
 Then I'll restore thy comforts too.
 " Return at once, when I reprove,
 Lest I thy candlestick remove ;
 And thou, too late, thy loss lament,
 I warn, before I strike ; " Repent."

- 6 Harken to what the spirit saith
 To him who overcomes by faith ;
 " The fruit of life's unfading tree,
 In Paradise his food shall be."

Hymn 152. C. M.

Christ's Address to the Church at Smyrna.

Rev. ii. 11.

- 1 THE message once to Smyrna sent,
 A message full of grace ;
 To all the Saviour's flock is meant,
 In every age and place.
- 2 Thus to his Church, his chosen bride,
 Saith the great FIRST and LAST,
 Who ever lives, though once he died !
 " Hold thy profession fast.
- 3 " Thy works and sorrow well I know,
 Perform'd and borne for me ;
 Poor though thou art, despis'd and low,
 Yet who is rich like thee ?
- 4 " I know thy foes, and what they say,
 How long they have blasphem'd ;
 The synagogue of Satan, they,
 Though they would Jews be deem'd.
- 5 " Though Satan for a season rage,
 And prisons be your lot :
 I am your friend, and I engage
 You shall not be forgot.
- 6 " Be faithful unto death, nor fear
 A few short days of strife ;
 Behold the prize you soon shall wear,
 A crown of endless life."
- 7 Hear what the Holy Spirit saith
 Of all who overcome ;
 " They shall escape the second death,
 The sinners awful doom !"

Hymn 153. 7 & 6.

Christ's Address to the Church at Sardis.

Rev. iii. 1—6.

- 1 WRITE to Sardis, saith the Lord,
And write what he declares ;
He, whose Spirit, and whose Word,
Upholds the seven stars :
All thy works and ways I search,
Find thy zeal and love decay'd ;
Thou art call'd a living church,
But thou art cold and dead.
- 2 " Watch—remember—seek, and strive,
Exert thy former pains :
Let thy timely care revive,
And strengthen what remains :
Cleanse thy heart, thy works amend,
Former times to mind recall ;
Let my sudden stroke descend,
And smite thee once for all.
- 3 Yet I number now in thee,
A few who are upright ;
These my Father's face shall see,
And walk with me in white :
When in judgment I appear,
They for mine shall stand confess'd,
Let my faithful servants hear,
And wo be to the rest."

Hymn 154. L. M.*Christ's Address to the Church at Philadelphia.*

Rev. iii. 7—13.

- 1 THUS saith the holy One, and true,
To his beloved faithful few ;
" Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys,
To shut or open as I please.

- 2 "I know thy works, and I approve,
Though small thy strength, sincere thy love ;
Go on my word and name to own,
For none shall rob thee of thy crown.
- 3 "Before thee see my mercy's door
Stands open wide to shut no more ;
Fear not temptation's fiery day,
For I will be thy strength and stay.
- 4 "Thou hast my promise, hold it fast ;
Thy trying hour will soon be past :
Rejoice—for lo ! I quickly come,
To take thee to my heav'nly home.
- 5 "A pillar there no more to move,
Inscrib'd with all my names of love ;
A monument of mighty grace,
Thou shalt forever have a place."
- 6 Such is the conquerors' reward,
Prepar'd and promis'd by the Lord ;
Let him who hath the ear of faith,
Attend to what the Spirit saith.

Hymn 155. L. M.

Christ's Address to the Church at Laodicea.

Rev. iii. 14—20.

- 1 HEAR what the Lord, the great Amen,
The true and faithful Witness says :
He form'd the vast creation's plan,
And searches all our hearts and ways.
- 2 To some he speaks, as once of old,
"I know thee—thy profession's vain :
Since thou art neither hot nor cold,
I'll spurn thee from me with disdain.
- 3 "Thou boastest 'I am wise and rich,
Increas'd in goods, and nothing need,'
And dost not know thou art a wretch,
Naked, and poor, and blind, and dead.

- “ Yet while I thus rebuke, I love,
 My message is in mercy sent;
 That thou may'st my compassion prove,
 I can forgive, if thou repent.
- “ Would'st thou be truly rich and wise,
 Come buy my gold in fire well tried;
 My ointment, to anoint thine eyes,
 My robe thy nakedness to hide.
- “ See, at thy door I stand and knock;
 Poor sinner shall I wait in vain?
 Quickly thy stubborn heart unlock,
 That I may enter with my train.
- 7 “ Thou canst not entertain a King,
 Unworthy thou of such a guest!
 But I my own provision bring,
 To make thy soul a heav'nly feast.”

~~HYMN 156.~~
 Hymn 156. 7's.

Self Examination.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thoughts:—
 Do I love the Lord, or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
 Hardly sure can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Pray'r a task and burden prove—
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain—
 If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all!

- 5 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 6 Lord decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

Hymn 157. C. M.

Religion the one thing Needful.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, nor health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

- 6** Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7** Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise :
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.
-

Hymn 158. C. M.

Famine of the Word.

- 1** GLADNESS was spread through Israel's host,
When first they manna view'd ;
They labour'd who should gather most,
And thought it pleasant food.
- 2** But when they had it long enjoy'd
From day to day the same,
Their hearts were by the plenty cloy'd,
Although from heav'n it came.
- 3** Thus gospel bread at first is prized,
And makes a people glad ;
But afterwards, too much despis'd,
When easy to be had.
- 4** But should the Lord, displeas'd, withhold
The bread, his mercy sends ;
To have our houses fill'd with gold,
Would make but poor amends.
- 5** How tedious would the week appear,
How dull the Sabbath prove ;
Could we no longer meet to hear
The precious truths we love ?
- 6** How would believing parents bear
To leave their heedless youth,
Expos'd to ev'ry fatal snare,
Without the light of truth ?

- 7 Preserve us from this judgment, Lord,
 For Jesus' sake we plead;
 A famine of the gospel word
 Would be a stroke indeed!

Hymn 159. C. M.

[Tune, Stade, Vil. Har.]

Deliverance from a Storm.

- 1 OUR little bark, on boist'rous seas,
 By cruel tempest tost,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Expecting to be lost.
- 2 We to the Lord in humble pray'r
 Breath'd out our sad distress;
 Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
 We begg'd return of peace.
- 3 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
 He came to our relief. *Hallelujah.*
- 4 The stormy winds did cease to blow,
 The waves no more did roll;
 And soon again a placid sea
 Spoke comfort to each soul. *Hal.*
- 5 O! may our grateful, trembling hearts
 Sweet hallelujah's sing,
 To him who hath our lives preserv'd,
 Our Saviour and our King. *Hal.*
- 6 Let us proclaim to all the world,
 With heart and voice, again,
 And tell the wonders he hath done
 For us, the sons of men. *Hal.*

Hymn 160. L. M.

Prayer Answered by Crosses.

- 1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request ;
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 3 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 4 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo :
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds and laid me low.
- 5 " Lord, why is this," I trembling cry'd,
" Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
" I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 6 " These inward trials I employ,
" From self, and pride, to set thee free ;
" And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
" That thou may'st seek thy All in me."

Hymn 161. S. M.

[Tune, Gospel Pool.]

Bethesda's Pool. John v. 2—4.

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move ;

- And others round me stepping in,
There efficacy prove !
- 3 But my complaints remain ;
I feel the very same ;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 4 O, would the Lord appear
My malady to heal ;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.
- 5 [How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie ?
Surely the mercy I have sought,
Is not for such as I ?
- 6 But whither can I go ?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.]
- 7 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait and hope and try ;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die ?
- 8 No—he is full of grace ;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.
-

Hymn 162. L. M.

The Pool of Bethesda. John v. 2—4.

- 1 How long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie ?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me ?
- 2 Sinners on ev'ry side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin ;

But I, an helpless sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

- 3 Thou cov'nant angel swift come down,
To-day thine own appointments crown;
Thy power into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.
- 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool,
I would, thou know'st, I would be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

Hymn 163. L. M.

God ready to Forgive; or, Despair Sinful.

- 1 WHAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the Lord was loth to save,
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
And sink with sorrow to the grave!
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep, despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a God?
- 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind, injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.
- 4 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord,
"No humble penitent shall die;"
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try.

Hymn 164, 7's.

Redeeming Love. Psalm cxi. 9.

- 1 Now begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 [Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.]
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 [Ye, alas! who long have been,
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.]
- 5 Welcome all, by sin oppress,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string;
Mortals join the hosts above;
Join to praise redeeming love.

Hymn 165. 7's.

Burden'd Sinners Invited to Christ. Mat. ix. 23.

- 1 COME, ye weary souls oppress,
Find in Christ the promis'd rest;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound and he make whole.
- 2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood;
To the Son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.

- 3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
 All your wants in Jesus find;
 This the day of mercy is,
 Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

Hymn 166. C. M.

Successful Resolve. Esther iv. 16.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
 And make this last resolve:
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose,
 "I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 "Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 "And there my guilt confess;
 "I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
 "Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 "But should the Lord reject my plea,
 "And disregard my pray'r;
 "Yet still, like Esther, I will stay,
 "And perish only there.
- 5 ["I can but perish if I go—
 "I am resolv'd to try,
 "For if I stay away, I know
 "I must forever die."]
- 6 "But should I die with mercy sought,
 "When I the King have tried:
 "I there should die, (delightful thought!)
 "Where ne'er a sinner dy'd."

Hymn 167. S. M.

Naaman Healed. 2 Kings, v. 1—14.

- 1 WHEN Syria's leprous chief
 From fair Damascus came,

- Fir'd with the hopes of sure relief,
By great Elisha's fame—
- 2 The holy prophet stood
Attentive to his strain,
And bid him wash in Jordan's flood,
And instantly be clean.
- 8 [The means of cure appear'd
So humbling to his pride,
With high disdain the warrior heard,
And sternly thus reply'd—
- 4 "To wash in Jordan's streams,
"I can't approve as meet,
"When Pharphar's streams are known to I
"My own Damascus' feet.
- 5 "What business have I here,
"Far from my native place?
"Could I not wash in water there,
"And there receive the grace?"
- 6 Thus men neglect the use
Of means which God makes known,
And in their room would introduce
Inventions of their own.
- 7 O give me wisdom, Lord,
Thy holy ways to prize,
And follow thy commanding word,
However men despise.
-

Hymn 168. C. M.

Christ the Pilot, or Saint's safety in Death.
Acts. xxvii. 44.

- 1 NONE that embark at God's command
For heaven, can e'er be lost;
All safe escape to Canaan's land,
However tempest toss'd.
- 2 Though winds may blow and storms arise,
And rocks and sands appear:

- The Saviour to his people flies,
And bids them not to fear.
- 3 Though seeming on destruction's brink,
While the dread tempests roar ;
However toss'd, they shall not sink,
But safely reach the shore.
- 4 Though neither sun nor stars appear
For many days in sight ;
Trust in the Lord, be of good cheer,
And he shall guide you right.
- 5 Then let the saints in God confide,
And on his promise rest ;
They shall the storms of life outride,
And be for ever blest.
-

Hymn 169. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Christ the Pilot. Luke viii. 22.

- 1 Jesus, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lull's all asleep :
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 [What though the seas are broad ?
What though the waves are strong ?
What though tempestuous storms
Distress me all along ?
Yet what are seas, or stormy wind,
Compar'd to Christ, the sinner's friend ?]
- 3 Christ is my pilot wise ;
My compass is his word ;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord !
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r,
To save me in the trying hour.

- 4 Though rocks and quicksand's deep
 Through all my passage lie,
 Yet Christ shall safely keep,
 And guide me with his eye :
 How can I sink with such a prop,
 That bears the world and all things up !
- 5 By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest ;
 My soul thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast !
 O may I reach the heavenly shore,
 Where winds and waves distress no more.
- 6 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And all my storms subside ;
 Then to my succor fly,
 And keep me near thy side :
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 7 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
 A prosp'rous gale of grace,
 To wait me from below,
 To heav'n, my destin'd place :
 Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind !

Hymn 170. 7's.

Sabbatic Year. Lev. xxv. 1—17.

- 1 God of sabbath, Israel's Lord,
 Thee we'll praise with one accord :
 Hear our humble, earnest pray'r,
 Haste the great sabbatic year.
- 2 Now thy glory to us show,
 Give a taste of heav'n below ;
 Lord, to thee we bow in pray'r,
 Haste the great sabbatic year.

- 3 Now the captive sinners free,
Now declare thy Jubilee;
Now accomplish this our pray'r,
Haste the great sabbatic year.
- 4 Now the senseless sinner wound,
Let the strong man, arm'd, be bound:
Spread thy gospel, hear our pray'r;
Haste the great sabbatic year.
- 5 Now thy word with pow'r endue,
Let it wound and quicken too;
Make them fly to thee in pray'r;
Haste the great sabbatic year.
- 6 Now let the thoughtless souls awake,
All their follies now forsake:
Answer, Lord, our daily pray'r,
Haste the great sabbatic year.
- 7 Bring the joyful sabbath on,
Let the gospel tidings run;
Then in ceaseless praise we'll sing,
Hallelujah to our King.

Hymn 171. L. M.

Sabbath. Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

- 4 O long-expected day, begin—
 Dawn on these realms of wo and sin,
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

Hymn 172. L. M.

Liberality the Beneficence of Christ for our Imitation. Acts x. 38.

- 1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
 What were his works from day to day,
 But miracles of power and grace,
 That spread salvation through our race ?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view,
 Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;
 Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
 Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never lives,
 Who much receives, but nothing gives ;
 Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
 Creation's blot, creation's blank !
- 4 But he, who marks from day to day,
 In gen'rous acts, his radiant way,
 Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
 The path to glory and to God.

Hymn 173. L. P. M. double.

Christ the Good Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherds care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.
 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

Hymn 174. C. M.

Prodigal's Return. Luke xv. 20—30.

WHEN to his Father's fond embrace
 'The prodigal return'd,
 The tears bedew'd his aged face ;
 With love his bosom burn'd.
 He kiss'd him with a father's love,
 Though he such crimes had done ;
 Reprov'd the sin that made him rove,
 Yet own'd him for his son.
 For him the fatted calf they slew,
 The father's grace to prove :
 While on the rebel's hand we view
 The tokens of his love.
 With a bright robe my son array,
 For 'tis my royal will ;
 Make no excuse—without delay,
 For he's a fav'rite still.

Hymn 175. L. M.

Noah Preserved in the Ark, and the Believer in Christ. 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

- 1 THE deluge, at th' Almighty's call ;
In what impetuous streams it fell !
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.
- 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close pursuing wave ;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.
- 3 How dire the wreck ! how loud the roar,
How shrill the universal cry
Of millions in the last despair,
Re-echo'd from the lowering sky !
- 4 Yet Noah, humble happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his Ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him through.
- 5 So may I sing in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall,
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.
- 6 Enter thine Ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat :
Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.
- 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen ;
There not a wave of trouble rolls ;
But the bright rainbow round the throne,
Seals endless life to all their souls.

Hymn 176. L. M.

The Syro-Phenecian Woman. Mat. xv. 26, 27.

- 1 ALL-CONQUERING faith ! how high it rose !
When heav'n itself might seem t' oppose !

All gracious Lord ! who didst appear
Most merciful when most severe !

- 2 Thus at thy feet, our souls would fall,
And loudly thus for mercy call ;
" Thou Son of David, pity show,
" And save us from th' infernal foe."
- 3 Though viler than the brutes we be,
Our longing eyes would wait on thee,
Who dost to dogs such grace afford,
To taste the crumbs beneath thy board.
- 4 But thou the humble soul wilt raise,
And all its sorrows turn to praise ;
Each self-abasing, broken heart,
Shall with thy children share a part.

Hymn 177. C. M.

Penitential. Mark i. 40, 41—& vii. 37.

Luke viii. 35, 36.

- 1 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat !
With pitying eye, behold me fall,
A leper at thy feet.
- 2 Loathsome and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin ;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.
- 3 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, mine ear ;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands
To thee in humble prayer.
- 4 Silent, alas ! thou know'st how long
My voice I cannot raise ;
But O, when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 5 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To thy great name submit ;

- Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.
- 6 From sin, the guilt, the pow'r, the pain,
Thou wilt release my soul ;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
For thou wilt make me whole.
-

Hymn 178. L. M.

Christ Worshipped by Men and Angels.

Rev. v. 11—13.

- 1 O thou, in whom the Gentiles trust,
Thou only holy, only just,
Oh, tune our souls to praise thy name,
Jesus, unchangeable, the same !
- 2 If angels, whilst to thee they sing,
Enshroud their faces in their wing,
How shall we sinful dust draw nigh
The great, the awful Deity !
- 3 Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb !
Thou holy Lord, thou great I AM !
With all our pow'r thy grace we bless,
Our joy, our piece, our righteousness.
- 4 Live, ever-glorious Jesus, live !
Worthy all blessings to receive !
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet !
-

Hymn 179. L. M.

Faith in Christ. Isaiah xxxv. 8—10.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone—
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophet went,
The road that leads from banishment,
-

- The king's highway of holiness
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not ;
 My grief, my burden, long has been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
 I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 " Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Wilt me receive, though weak I am ;
 My sinful self to thee I give—
 Nothing but love I shall receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, behold the way to God.

Hymn 180. L. M.

Faith in Christ. Isa. xiv. 24. Jer. xxiii. 1

- 1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then shall this be all my plea—
 Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully, through thee, absolv'd I am
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,

Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid the banish'd ones rejoice ;
'Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord our righteousness,

Hymn 181. 7's.

[Tune, Hotham.]

Refuge from the Storm. Deut. xxxiii. 27.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly ;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high !
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !
- 3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me !
- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
Boundless love in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
- 6 Just and holy is thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;

Vile and full of sin I am—
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Plenteous grace with thee is found ;
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Let me feel them flow within.
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart—
 Rise to all eternity !

Hymn 182. L. M.

thy Days, so shall thy Strength be. Deut. 33. 25.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
 Let not thy heart despond and say,
 'How shall I stand the trying day ?'
 He has engag'd, by firm decree,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
 And if the conflict should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
 For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
 Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
 Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
 Or deep distress, or poverty,
 Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
 When ghastly death appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
 And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Hymn 183. C. M.

Bearing the Cross. Mark viii. 38

- 1 DIDST thou, O Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold ;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shi
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers sc ^{off} the world defame,
And treat me with disdain ;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign ;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

Hymn 184. C. M.

Contentment. Phil. iv. 2.

- 1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea ;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.
- 2 In vain by reason and by rule,
We try to bend the will ;
For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heav'nly skill.
- 3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.
- 4 " Art thou a sinner, soul ? " he said,
" Then how canst thou complain ?

ow light thy troubles here, if weigh'd,
With everlasting pain!

thou of murm'ring would'st be cur'd,
Compare thy griefs with mine;
think what my love for thee endur'd,
And thou wilt not repine."

us I who once my wretched days
n vain repinings spent;
ight in my Saviour's school of grace,
have learn'd to be content.

Hymn 185. C. M.

Filial Submission. Heb. xii. 7.

o can my heart aspire so high,
To say, "my Father God?"
d, at thy feet, I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

ould submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
t ev'ry anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

y love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene;
I hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

Father—O, permit my heart,
To plead her humble claim,
d ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

Hymn 186. S. M.

Wise to Believers, Parents, and their Children. Gen. xvii. 7.

LORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace;

- Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion's chosen race.
- 2 Our children thou dost claim,
And make them out for thine :
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.
- 3 Thee let the Fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore ;
Join'd to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.
- 4 Thy covenant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which chosen still engage their hearts
To honour thy commands.
- 5 How great thy mercies, Lord !
How plenteous is thy grace !
Which in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.
- 6 Our offspring still thy care,
Shall own their father's God ;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

Hymn 187. S. M.

Practical Reflections. Zach. i. 5.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea !
The tide that bears our thoughtless so
To vast eternity !
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own !
Their joys, and griefs, and hopes, and
And wealth, and honour, gone !
- 3 But joy or grief succeeds,
Beyond our mortal thought.
-

While the poor remnant of their dust,
 Lies in the grave forgot.
 There, where the fathers lie,
 Must all the children dwell;
 Nor other heritage possess
 But such a gloomy cell.
 God of our fathers hear,
 Thou everlasting friend!
 While we, as on life's utmost verge,
 Our souls to thee commend.
 Of all the pious dead,
 May we their footsteps trace,
 Till with them in the land of light,
 We dwell before thy face.

Hymn 188. C. M.

the spreading of the Gospel. Psalm lxxviii. 31.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
 Are by creation thine;
 And in thy works by all beheld,
 Thy radiant glories shine.
 But Lord, thy greater love has sent,
 Thy gospel to mankind,
 Inveiling what rich stores of grace,
 Are treasured on thy mind.
 Lord when shall these glad tidings spread
 The spacious earth around,
 Till every tribe, and every soul,
 Shall hear the joyful sound?
 O, when shall Afric's sable sons
 Enjoy the heavenly word,
 And vassals, long enslaved become
 The freemen of the Lord.
 When shall th' untutor'd, heathen tribe,
 A dark bewilder'd race,

- Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and see his grace ?
- 6 Haste sov'reign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love ;
Soften the tyger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove.
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt,
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise.

Hymn 189. L. M.

Ministry of Angels. Ps. xci. 2.

- 1 SEE, Gabriel swift descends to earth,
Glad to foretel a Saviour's birth ;
Hark !—a full choir of angels sing,
The new-born Saviour, and the King.
- 2 Behold the swift-wing'd envoys wait
On Jesus, in his humble state ;
The desert and the garden prove
Their glowing zeal, their tender love.
- 3 They saw the Conqueror mount on high,
To glorious worlds beyond the sky ;
Escorted by a shining band,
To take his place at God's right hand.
- 4 Still are these glorious hosts above
Employ'd on messages of love ;
On saints below they cheerful wait,
Nor think the work beneath their state.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my living friend,
May these thy servants me attend
Through life, and when I quit this clay,
Safe to thine arms my soul convey.

Hymn 190. C. M.

A Pillar in the Heavenly Temple. Rev. iii. 12.

- 1 ALL hail, victorious Saviour, hail !
I bow to thy command ;
And own that David's royal key
Well fits thy sov'reign hand.
- 2 Open the treasures of thy love,
And shed thy gifts abroad ;
Unveil to my rejoicing eyes
The temple of my God.
- 3 There as a pillar let me stand,
On an eternal base ;
Uprear'd by thy almighty hand,
And polish'd by thy grace.
- 4 There deep engraven let me bear
The title of my God ;
And make the new Jerusalem,
As my secure abode.
- 5 In lasting characters inscribe
Thy own beloved name ;
That endless ages there may read
The great Immanuel's name.

Hymn 191. S. M.
Sanctified Affliction. Rev. iii. 19.

- 1 How gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God !
And O, how rich the blessings are,
Which blossom from his rod !
- 2 He lifts it up on high,
With pity in his heart,
That ev'ry stroke his children feel,
May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sov'reign sway ;

- They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.
- 4 His cov'nant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands,
That closer still engage their hearts
To honour his commands.
- 5 Dread Father we consent,
To discipline divine;
And bless the pains that make our souls
Still more completely thine.

Hymn 192. L. M.

The Influences of the Spirit Experienced.
John xiv. 16, 17.

- 1 DREAD Lord, and shall thy spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling, glorious Guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!
- 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy spirit then be here,
Great spring of comfort, life and light!
- 3 Sure the blest comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
- 4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice,
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
- 5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?
- 6 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God and taste his grace,

Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
Let thy kind spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

Hymn 193. 6. 8. 4.

Covenant God. Ps. iii. 6. Acts vii. 32.

- 1 THE God of Abra'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
- 2 Jehovah great, I AM,
By earth and heav'n confess'd!
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.
- 3 [The God of Abra'm praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.]
- 4 I all on earth forsake—
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.
- 5 The God of Abra'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways.
- 6 He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.
- 7 He by himself has sworn;
I on his oath depend;

I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend.

- 8 I shall behold his face ;
I shall his pow'r adore ;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For ever more.

Hymn 194. 5. 6.

[Tune, Harwich.]

- 1 'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine ;
While born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Zion we move.
- 2 The goodness in vain
We attempt to explain,
Which found and accepted a ransom for man :
Great surety of mine,
Thou didst not decline
To concur with the Father's most gracious design.
- 3 To Jesus, our friend,
Our thanks shall ascend,
Who saves to the uttermost, and loves to the end :
Our ransom he paid,
In his merit array'd,
We attain to the glory for which we were made.
- 4 All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh ;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is ;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like this !
- 5 May the blood that he spilt,
Wash our souls from their guilt,
Thus fit us for heaven and glory bestow :
-

Our harps shall be tun'd,
 The Lamb shall be crown'd
 And glory to God and the Lamb shall resound.

Hymn 195. 8. 4.

[Tune, Harmony.]

The Believer's Rest.

- 1 " **THERE** is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
 And while their mould'ring ashes sleep
 Low in the ground :—
 - 2 " The soul, of origin divine,
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,
 In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine,
 A Star of Day.
 - 3 " The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky :
 The soul, immortal as its sire,
 Shall never die."
-

Hymn 196. 7. 4.

[Tune, Melton Mowbray.]

Dying Stephen.

- 1 **HEAD** of the church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee !
 Till thou appear,
 Thy members here,
 Shall sing like those in glory ;
 We lift our hearts and voices,
 With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God,
 The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire.

- Thy love we praise,
Which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher :
We clap our hands exulting,
In thine almighty favour :
The love divine
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine forever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation :
The world, with sin and satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise,
For that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us :
And if thou count us worthy,
We each as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heav'n.

Hymn 197.

[Tune, Ambsbury.]

New Year's Day.

- 1 COME, let us anew,
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, till the master appear

- His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.
- Our life is a dream,
 Our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown;
 The moment is gone;
 The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- O that each in the day
 Of his coming, may say,
 "I have fought my way through,
"I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."
 O that each from his Lord,
 May receive the glad word;
 "Well and faithfully done,
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

Hymn 198. 6. 4.

[Tune, Hymn to the Trinity.]

Praise to Jehovah.

- 1** **COME**, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days!
- 2** Jesus, our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall!
 Let thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made,

Our souls on thee be stay'd :
Lord, hear our call !

- 3 Come, thou incarnate word,
Gird on thy mighty sword ;
Our pray'r attend !
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend !

- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour !
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r !

- 5 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore !
His sov'reign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore !

Hymn 199. L. M.

[Tune, Lambeth.]

Hope in Despair. Psalm lxxvii. 7, 10.

- 1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign ;
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine.
- 2 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load ;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

- 3 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I.
- 4 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and cries,
And groanings that cannot be told.
- 5 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.
- 6 Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r;
Come, succour and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy pow'r.

Hymn 200. C. M.

{Tune, Dialogue Hymn.}

Dialogue Hymn.

Men.

- 1 TELL us, O women, we would know
Whither so fast ye move?

Women.

We, call'd to leave the world below,
Are seeking one above.

Men.

- 2 Whence came ye? say, what the place
That ye are trav'ling from?

Women.

From tribulation, we, through grace,
Are now returning home.

Men.

- 3 Is not your native country here?
Like you not this abode?

Women.

We seek a better country far,
A city built by God.

- 4 Thither we travel, nor intend
 Short of that bliss to rest :
 Nor we, till in the sinner's Friend
 Our weary souls are bless'd.
 Chorus.
- 5 Friends of the Bridegroom, we shall reign;
 Saviour, we ask no more !
 Hail, Lamb of God ! for sinners slain !
 Whom heav'n and earth adore.
-

Hymn 201. C. M.

Christ's Nativity.

- 1 ' SHEPHERDS rejoice ! lift up your eyes,
 ' And send your fears away :
 ' News from the region of the skies—
 ' Salvation's born to day !
- 2 ' Jesus, the Lord, whom angels fear,
 ' Comes down to dwell with you ;
 ' To day he makes his entrance here,
 ' But not as monarchs do.
- 3 ' No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
 ' Nor royal shining things :
 ' A manger for his cradle stands,
 ' And holds the King of Kings.
- 4 ' Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 ' And see his humble throne :
 ' With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 ' Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
 The heav'nly armies throng ;
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song :—
- 6 ' Glory to God that reigns above,
 ' Let peace surround the earth ;
 ' Mortals shall know their Maker's love
 ' At their Redeemer's birth.'

- 7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise ?
 O may we lose our useless tongues
 When they forget to praise.
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
 That pity'd us forlorn ;
 We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For there 's a Saviour born !

Hymn 202. L. M.

Death of a Brother in Christ. Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 How blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind !
 How easy the soul that hath left
 This wearisome body behind !
- 2 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain ;
 The war in the members is o'er ;
 And never shall vex him again.
- 3 [This languishing head is at rest ;
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
 This quiet, immoveable breast
 Is heard by affliction no more.]
- 4 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat—
 It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids that he seldom could close,
 By sorrows forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in the sweetest repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep.
- 6 These fountains can yield no supplies,
 These hollows from water are free ;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evils they never shall see.

- 7 [To mourn and to suffer is mine ;
While bound in a prison I breathe ;
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.]

Hymn 203. L. M.

Death of a Sister in Christ. Rev. xiv. 18.

- 1 'Tis finish'd! the conflict is past,
The heav'n-born spirit is fled ;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
And now she's entomb'd with the dead.
- 2 The months of affliction are o'er,
The days and the nights of distress ;
We see her in anguish no more—
She's gain'd her happy release.
- 3 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now ;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life when below.
- 4 Her soul has now taken its flight,
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.
- 5 The victory now is obtain'd ;
She's gone her dear Saviour to see ;
Her wishes she fully has gain'd—
She's now where she long'd for to be.
- 6 The coffin, the shroud, and the grave,
To her were no objects of dread ;
On him who is mighty to save,
Her soul was with confidence stay'd.
- 7 Then let us forbear to complain,
That she is now gone from our sight ;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.

Hymn 204. 8 lines L. M.

[Tune, Warning Voice.]

Penitent Backslider.

- 'Twas the voice of my Jesus that spake,
 When kindly he knock'd at my door,
 I slept, but my heart was awake :—
 Lord, help me to slumber no more.
 How lovingly did he intreat,
 Saying, open my sister, my dove ;
 But not all his language so sweet,
 My frozen affections could move.
- 2 Come, open, my dove undefil'd,
 Thy Saviour why thus dost thou slight ?
 My head with the dew is all fill'd,
 My locks with the drops of the night.
 The force of omnipotent love,
 My soul though so languishing felt ;
 My bosom began then to move,
 My frozen affections to melt.
- 3 I open'd, but oh ! he was gone ;—
 I fainted with sorrow and shame ;
 My hateful lukewarmness I own,
 There is none but myself that I blame.
 Young converts take warning by me ;
 Of spiritual sloth be aware ;
 And oh ! when my Jesus you see,
 Remember my case in your pray'r.
- 4 Methinks while my story I tell,
 And mention my Jesus' blest name,
 (My bosom's beginning to swell,)
 It kindles my love to a flame.
 There is something within me forebodes
 My Jesus will see me again ;
 His chariot I hear on the road,
 Return, blessed Jesus ! Amen.

Hymn 205. 6 lines 8's.

[Tune, Wrestling Jacob.]

Wrestling Jacob.

- 1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee ;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unlose my hold :
Art thou the man who dy'd for me ?
The secrets of thy love unfold.
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 3 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong :
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.
- 4 Yield to me now—for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant pray'r !
Speak, or thou never hence shall move,
And tell me if thy name be love.
- 5 'Tis love, 'tis love ! thou died for me :
I hear thy whisper in my heart :
The morning breaks, the shadows flee :
Pure, universal love thou art :
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is love.
- 6 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend ;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,

But stay, and love me to the end ;
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy nature and thy name is love.

Hymn 206. 11's.

[Tune, Reformation Hymn.]

Submission to Christ.

O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
 With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet ;
 A sacrifice offer my soul, flesh, and blood ;
 Thou art my Redeemer who brought me to God.
 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest !
 My life and salvation, my joy and my rest !
 Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song ;
 Thy grace shall inspire my heart and my tongue.
 O who's like my Saviour, he's Salem's bright King !
 He smiles and he loves me, and teaches to sing ;
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

Hymn 207. 8 lines 6. 4.

The Young Convert's Invitation.

[Tune, Invitation.]

O, CARELESS sinners, come ;
 Pray now attend,
 This world is not your home,
 It soon will end :
 Jehovah calls aloud :
 Forsake the thoughtless crowd,
 Pursue the road to God,
 And happy be.
 How many calls you've had,
 I call again,
 How can you be so bad,
 So full of sin,

As to refuse that voice
Which calls you to rejoice,
In making heav'n your choice,
And shunning hell.

3 I look on you again,
And hoping say,
Why woult you leave your sin,
And come away,
From satan's cruel pow'r,
And live forevermore,
And bless the joyful hour
That life begun ?

4 All hail, we welcome then
Your happy flight,
From Kedar's tents of sin,
To glory bright;
We'll travel on with you,
And bid this world adieu,
And endless joys pursue,
Till all is ours.

Hymn 208. 8 lines 5. 5. 12

Sunday School.

[Tune, *Marietta*.]

Boys.

1 **THEE**, Father, we praise,
In harmonious lays,
For all thy rich grace ;
O give us the knowledge of pardon an
On thee we rely,
All our wants to supply ;
O keep us each hour,
From snares and temptations, by thy mighty

Girls.

2 O may we improve,
knowledge and love,

Of Jesus our king,
 'Till to glory we're brought, his praises to sing ;
 While below if we stray,
 From the source of true joy,
 Let thy merciful hand
 Return and incline us t' obey thy command.

Both.

3 Our friends may they share
 Thy blessings while here,
 And crown them above ;
 Where joys will increase, from the fountain of love :
 May we shortly there meet,
 Around thy blest seat ;
 Thy love to adore
 Where pleasure and praise will abound ever-more.

Hymn 209. 8 lines 7. 6. 8.

Christ our All.

1 VAIN delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good :
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood !
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd !

2 Him to know is life and peace ;
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend !
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his love abide ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd.

3 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove,

- 5 The lepers from all their spots are made clean,
The dead by his call are rais'd from their sin ;
In Jesus' compassion the sick find a cure,
And gospel salvation is preach'd to the poor.
- 6 To us and to them is publish'd the word :
Then let us proclaim our life giving Lord,
Who now is reviving his work in our days,
And mightily striving to save us by grace.
- 7 O Jesus ride on, till we are subdu'd :
Thy mercy make known, and sprinkle thy blood
Display thy salvation and teach the new song,
To every nation, and people and tongue.

Hymn 236. 8. 7.

The Smile of Jesus.

[Tune, Rapture.]

- 1 LOVELY is the face of nature,
Deck'd with spring's unfolding flow'rs ;
While the sun shows ev'ry feature,
Smiling through descending show'rs.
Birds with songs the time beguiling,
Chant their little notes to thee ;
But to see a Saviour smiling,
Is more soft, more sweet to me.
- 2 Soft and sweet are show'rs descending
On the parch'd, expecting plain ;
Fragrance, from the fields ascending,
Scatters ! earth and joys around.
These, with ev'ry earthly blessing,
Loudly for thanksgiving call ;
Yet one smile from thee possessing,
Surely far exceeds them all.
- 3 Morn her melting tints displaying,
Ere the sluggard is awake ;
Ev'ning zephyrs gently breezing
O'er the surface of the lake.

lting hues, and airy breezes,
 All have pow'rful charms for me ;
 No earthly beauty pleases,
 When, my Lord, compar'd with thee.
 Sweet is sleep to tired nature,
 Sweet is labour to repose ;
 Sweet is life to ev'ry creature,
 Sweet the balm that hope bestows.
 Though spring and ev'ning breezes,
 Sleep, and hope, and life to me,
 Are pleasant—nothing pleases
 When I'm absent, Lord, from thee.

Hymn 237. 5. 5. 11.

Offerings and Death of Jesus. Sam. i. 12.

[Tune, Harwich.]

ALL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh,
 You is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
 Our ransom and peace,
 Our surety he is,
 See if there ever was sorrow like his.
 The Lord, in the day
 Of his anger, did lay
 His sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away :
 He dy'd to atone
 For sins not his own—
 The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son.
 For sinners like me,
 He dy'd on the tree ;
 His death is accepted, the sinner is free :
 My pardon I claim,
 A sinner I am,
 Sinner believing in Jesus's name.
 With joy we approve
 The plan of his love !

Hymn CCLXXXV. *Long Metre.* [8 or 6.]

REANIMATION.

A HYMN for the HUMANE SOCIETY.

WHO, from the gloomy shades of night,
When the last tear of hope is shed,
Can bid the soul return to light,
And break the slumber of the dead ?

- 2 No human skill that heart can warm,
Which the cold blast of nature froze ;
Recal to life the perish'd form ;
The secret of the grave disclose.
- 3 But thou, our saving God, we know,
Canst arm the mortal hand with power
To bid the stagnant pulses flow,
The animating heat restore.
- 4 Thy will, ere nature's tutor'd hand
Could with young life, these limbs unfold ;
Did the imprison'd brain expand,
And all its countless fibres told.
- 5 As from the dust, thy forming breath
Could the unconscious being raise ;
So can the silent voice of death
Wake at thy call, in songs of praise.
- 6 Since *twice* to die is ours alone,
And *twice* the birth of life to see ;
O let us, suppliant at thy throne,
Devote our *second* life to thee.

Mrs. MORTON.

On a sudden were lost,
 And my day, it was turn'd into night.
 I never shall rise,
 To my first paradise,
 Come my Redeemer to see ;
 But I feel a faint hope,
 That at last he will stoop,
 And his pity will bring him to me.

Hymn 276. 8. 7.

[Tune, Westminster.]

Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down ;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.
 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee, as thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and sinless let us be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation
 Perfectly restor'd in thee ;
 Hang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Hymn CCLXXXV. *Long Metre.* [* or b.]

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Mrs. MORTON.

PORT OF PROVIDENCE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28.—ARRIVED.

Brig Hope's Delight, Wood, from Charleston, 21st inst. sailed in eve. with brig Elba, Gorton, for Boston, and saw

neg. day, 50 miles E of the Light.

Sloop Emma & Eliza, Nye, from Norfolk.

SAILED, brigs Horizon, Carr, Savannah; Jasper, Rich

for New Orleans.

SUNDAY, APRIL 29.—ARRIVED.

Schr James Barbour, Baxter, from Philadelphia.

Sloop Hero, Reed, from New York.

Sloop Fisher, Norton, from Taunton.

Sloop Franklin, Williams, from Taunton.

Sloop Narragansett, Prisky, from Taunton.

Sloop Collector, Heath, from Newport.

Sloop Eliza, Smith, from Warren.

SAILED, brigs Sarah & Susan, Harris, Savannah;

Laurel Remington, do; schr Lydia, Nickerson, for Kenne-

beck.

[From our Correspondents.]

BRISTOL, April 28.—Arr schr Rising States, Shaw, from New York; sloop Chase, Lindsey, do; Caroline, Willis, from Albany. Sailed, sloop B D Jones, West, New Bedford.

Arr at N Orleans, barque Alasco, Cole, Boston; brig Agamemnon, Collins, Charleston.

Arr at Savannah, 19th, ship Atlantic, Child, of Warren, N York; brig New Packet, Boston. Cld schr Jane, Marshall, Havana; 21st ship Warsaw, Liverpool; barque Hazard, Lawton, Boston; brigs Loranthea, N York; Syren, Bristol.

Arr at Charleston, 20th, brig Marion, Pezant, from Matanzas.

Arr at Washington, 14th, schs Two Brothers, Johnson, West Indies; Sarah, Orcutt, Halifax. Cld sch Nonpareil, Dixon, W Indies.

Arr at Baltimore, 26th, Canada, White, N Orl. Cld ship Walter, Liverpool.

Arr at Philadelphia, 26th, brigs Mohawk, Boston; Pommet, Calais; sch Bee, Brewton, from C Haytien. Cld brig Bot, Milton, Boston.

Arr at New York, 27th, ship Charles Carroll, Lee, Hare, 23d ult; Alabama, New Orleans; Selma, Mobile; barque Fairfield, Smith, Liverpool; brigs Dromo, Budd, Rotterdam, via St Thomas; Montpelier, Patten, N Orl; 28th, brig Dorothea, Talbot, Savannah.

Cld ships Ajax, Heirn, Liverpool; America, Drew, do Niagara, Beshier, Charleston; brigs Courier, Brown, do; Steamer, Bandy, Apalachicola; Jane, Dodd, St Johns, N; F; Thatcher, Thatcher, St Marks.

Arr at Boston 27th, brigs Caroline Augusta, Bowman, Laguna; Pilgrim, Stevens, Matanzas, 7th inst.; Susan, Thib, Baltimore. Cld, ship Boston, (new, 411 tons) Kenrick, Charleston; brigs Agile, Storey, Matanzas; schr Arrozanna, Godfrey, Pt au Prince.

Arr at Newburyport, 26th, schr Mary Jane, Knapp, from Trinity.

At Hyannis, 2 th, brig Ida, for Balt.

Arr at Portsmouth, 24th, Galen, Merrill, Mobile.

Arr at Portland, 26th, brig Nestor, Blanchard, Matanzas; schs Ellen, Edmunds, Point Petre; Lveum, Fredericksburg; Gournet, Baltimore. Sailed, brigs Mary Jane, Higgins, Barbadoes; Oscar, Stevens, Havana.

Arr at New Bedford, 27th, schr Milo, from N Carolina.

Cld brig Hope, Howland, Bremen.

Sailed from St Thomas, 7th inst. Harriet, from Barbadoes to leeward.

At Laguna, 24th March, Delaware, Wilson, from



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Jazard, Lawton, Boston; brigs I orathea, N York; Syren,
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Arr at Washington, 14th, schs Two Brothers, John-
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Arr at Baltimore, 26th, Canada, White, N Ori. Cld
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Blot, Milton, Boston.

Arr at New York, 27th, ship Charles Carroll, Lee, Ha-
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